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Enduring the Truth, by George Santayana and Walter Lippmann, on page 512

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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"Things That Are Past—"

IN last week's *Review*, Professor Bliss Perry of Harvard urged his readers to entertain a divine expectancy of greatness (if a trout rises today, it may be that a salmon will jump tomorrow), an interesting variant from the "divine discontent" which we used to be told was Harvard's "message." He is right, of course, in his account of the errors of pessimistic prophecy. The reviews and criticisms of the 1830s were dark and ominous with forebodings that great literature was dead. At the very moment when Tennyson and Browning were beginning to publish and the great school of Victorianism was under way, they deplored the end of a Great Period and the bankruptcy of the present.

The Great Period was Byronic romanticism, a revolutionary age of great expectations, when poets were constructing new works of epic dimensions and even a Prelude to Intimations of Immortality was of the proportions of a skyscraper. And perhaps (to return to Mr. Perry) the lack of Magnitude and Magnificence which he deplores in contemporary literature finds some explanation here which goes beyond a mere lack of energy or a failure to produce genius by spontaneous generation.

For the twentieth century so far is evidently a time of realization rather than of magnificent hopes. We have cashed in on science and capitalized our control over nature. We have carried interrelations among races to an extent which, however imperfect, is measurable in the past only in the dreams of its Utopians. We have made solid advances in health, comfort, general prosperity, education, freedom of action for the masses, and the diffusion of rational knowledge which it is foolish to underestimate. In the English-speaking countries particularly, all kinds of men and women have a sense of many things done and well done which goes deep into the inner consciousness. We have even achieved a Great War, and know what it is like.

* * *

Such a mood is not favorable to Great Literature. The energy which might sparkle in speculative imagination sinks into material success and is transformed into satisfaction. We are granted too many of our immediate wants to be much concerned with ultimates. An airplane at two hundred miles an hour ends all imaginative flights toward heaven. Bath tubs, five-day weeks, stock bonuses, and steady work put a damper on dreams of a new world where men shall be brothers and stand together with minds erect. Literature becomes descriptive, analytical, scientific. It joins the correspondents at the rear of happening, and takes notes on what it has seen. It becomes a record (in the modern novel and drama) instead of a prophecy. News for the Elizabethans was in the theatre—the poetic drama led their imaginations. News today is in the newspaper-like novels and plays which report upon the immense complexity of things we are doing, can certainly do, and have done.

If there is any truth in this theory, some lift of the imagination into a difference in kind which is not merely an extension of energy is required before the spiritual temperature changes and the salmon come running up stream. No one is going to write an epic upon the League of Nations, even when it is, if ever, entirely successful. Nor are sagas going to be made upon the immense concentrations of efficient industry which characterize this era. These are things already imagined, things being done, or in the immediate hope of doing, which are excellent for humanity of course, but no longer themes for great literature. The organized coöperation of the machine work of a nation—if it is ever brought about—will be enough to make a century famous, as will the sidetracking of war. But these deeds will be recorded in encyclopedias, not in sonnets.

It is not satisfaction but discontent which is likely to prelude the Great Books. When the practical imagination has clothed and fed us and guaranteed us against poverty, disease, and war, then the creative

(*Continued on next page*)

*Firehead**

By LOLA RIDGE

MARVEL that a day, serene as most,
Should be singled from the anonymous host
Of days that seem begotten but to weave
Sunlight in old devices on the sand
And pass upon the waters glamorously,
Leaving no trace—save on the youngling rye
And corn and the sweet secret grapes that lean
Big with the juice of festivals, and all
The brave assorted fruitage of the sun
That pay bright homage to oblivion.
Ponder a day as fair as this—
Transfigured now and changed beyond redress—
Smelling of loam and horses and soft airs
Atingle with an April eagerness—
How it was called to stand there in God's way
In stubborn glory, like a golden ass
Fore feet, planted against time, that shall not pass
With light-shod hoofs in darkness. Let there rise
Sands upon its columns infinitely,
Obliterating sands upon its bones,
And on the pillared temples it shall blaze,
Caparisoned, apart from other days.

* The above poem is a fragment of a long narrative poem bearing its title to be published next week by Payson & Clarke.

This Week

Recent Volumes of Essays.
Reviewed by ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY.

"Idols Behind Altars."
Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS.

"Gods' Man."
Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER.

"The White House Gang."
Reviewed by CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON.

"Hudson River Bracketed."
Reviewed by CATHERINE GILBERTSON.

Yankee Doodle Dandy.
By CHRISTOPHER WARD.

"Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years."
Reviewed by DOROTHY CANFIELD.

Plenty of Margin.
By AMY LOVEMAN.

Next Week, or Later

"Myron T. Herrick."
Reviewed by HOWARD J. MENEELY.

An Anonymous Generation

By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

AND the Humanists on one corner and the Classicals on another and the Romanticals on a third and an odd job lot of odd job Critics on the fourth and the disgruntled Professors with their Man-of-letters pipes in the windows and all of them orating and pronouncing and declaiming and distressing about poetry and even the occasional passers-by, the social reformers and the politicos and the doctors and the rich ladies, putting a word in, and a whole procession of poets and poetesses milling around from one side to the other in the open street with their thumbs on their pulses and their ears cocked for the Great Revelation and down-town in the National Bank Building a man writing a poem. All this noise is noise. There is a "problem" but it is not a poetic problem. And God knows it is not a question between Classicals and Romanticals. Nor between Classicals and Romanticals and Humanisticals. Nor between the whole lot of them and any other organized intellection whatsoever. It is merely the fundamental problem of the location of man in the universe. Poetry, like any other art, can only reach its highest level in a universe of which man is the center. In a human world. And the world centered about man was destroyed by the impulses which produced the world explicable by science. Men lost themselves. They ceased to know what they were, what they were for. Their position as lords of the animate creation became a very petty nobility, for the animals died and the late discovered kingdoms of matter and force and time were infinitely greater, more spacious, more powerful, more mysterious than the kingdom of the beasts. The gods of Man held no commissions there. His prayers could not influence the chemistry that ruled his decay nor the fields of force that limited his motions. From thinking of himself as a great king and the object of concern of a great god he came to think of himself as the sometimes expert servant, paid and well paid often, of an unconscious, unreasoning, unbeholden Thing. He accepted the external universe as equal or superior to himself and divided his soul into a million external events. All that remained of the common inner life of men was their simplest emotions.

And since it is common spiritual experiences of men with which poetry must concern itself poetry suffered. Eventually it changed. It renounced its world. Each poet became concerned with his own peculiar continent and was greater as that was stranger. Originality, where no other greatness was possible, became the sole greatness. Genius, the poet's exceptional unlikeness to the other men, was the final praise. Not the poem but the poem's novelty was the criterion. The only poetry of the common world left to us was a kind of sentimental, ironic, poignant poetry of the primary emotions practised by persons whose ambit fell within the puddling residue.

Poetry declined. Not as verse. As fine verse has been written by the originals as by the citizens of the great world. But the experience peculiar to the poet as a person unlike other persons is not sufficiently true. The Beaudelaire experiences of Beaudelaire are not true and Beaudelaire, great poet as he is, belongs in Literature. There is no body of poetry to give to each part of itself the power of the whole. Each poem is a new beginning. Allusion is a darkening of the scene, for the world to which allusion is made is either the lost world or the unknown one.

There is a "problem" but it cuts under the roman-

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tic-classic difference. Which is why the romantic-classic debate is so sterile. The issue is between the unified and the dismembered universes. It is not a poetic problem though it will probably be solved by a poet. The restoration of man to his position of dignity and responsibility at the center of his world—not at the center of one of the arbitrary worlds of science—must first occur. Once there, once seen again, naked on the hull of a blond planet with the sun over him and the stars behind, there will be no poetic problem left. There will be nothing for the medicine men to do.

* * *

In the large square room the bent heads, the heads bowed together, like the heads of people looking for a track through grass, and the voice speaking, stopping, speaking, stopping, running on ahead, waiting, running on ahead. Backward through the mind. The truth lies backward. The truth has been known to Plato—to Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel—to Professor Pollard reading the notes in the margin of his Jowett. The truth is something-that-has-been-known. Plato and Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel and Professor Pollard have known it. They have been included. Trees grow out of them: flowers open as their hands. The low red autumn sun, heavy and round in the metallic air, descends toward the roof across the court. Professor Pollard faces it through the window. He seems to bow.

* * *

Becalmed at dusk by the gray cliffs. On the windless sea the shifting of flat light. The grey gull beats across the cliff face invisible but for the rhythm of his wings. The snoring of porpoises passes in the surge to seaward. And suddenly the land breeze, a draught of hot air bitter with pines. The earth breathing, the earth released from the real sun and alive. The earth alive. The earth is alive at night. . . . It is not true. These are the wooden trees. The touch of metaphor upon the cheek no longer. Pan in a long-tailed derby among the asparagus. Nature, the spayed bitch. We have been into her too deep and too sharp. The magic is out of her and the meaning. The voices that used to speak with authority from brooks and trees, the Voice that with even more authority from a Mountain, the gestures of fleeting goat-form and fleeter thighs signifying at least direction, the half-horse, half-man speaking credibly to man the numb and incredible fact of horse, or half-tree, half-girl performing inwardly the miraculous metabolism of tree into talk, the goddess herself offering between corn-heavy breasts the actual communication with earth—are simply Not. Leaving young men alone with the awkward incommunicativeness of say a hill or an acorn. A long silence broken occasionally by exclamations of surprise.

We have been into her too deep. We have taken the god out of her and only with god in her could she speak to us. God was one like ourselves but having power over nature. Now he is one like ourselves but powerless. Over nature. Over us he has still the power we gave him when we created him to rule both us and her in our behalf; to interpret to our spirits and make reasonable her foreign cruelties and to give material fulfilment to our ghostly wills. Like an aged and impotent king whom habit still obeys he rules us. His commands, now secret whispered, though powerless beyond, still trouble us. Our egos, like the egos of conspirators, are exalted by this perpetual listening within. And our wills are defeated because the weight of the defeated will is on them. We hug our spiritual essences and remind ourselves that we are not in nature. We are not only flesh. We have our destinies. No man knows what.

* * *

Alone and without interpreters before the opaque and resolute otherwise of hardened earth, of walls, of doors, of heavens, dig out in words, in paint, in marble its impenetrable. Force up the living marble into the possibility of knowledge. Here on the blank white page the meaning. The rustling flight of crows at dusk from the fish-rotten beaches. The hickory leaves, shrivelled at the edge, brown at the tip, curling into dried shells, and the coarse dusty green leaves of the wild sunflower on the bluff. The south door of the cathedral at Bruges opening to the body of the dead woman; the wall of time. The rearrangement of the furniture in the room making possible. . . . Bayonne, the wet leaf smell, the wet bark smell, the barges. The negroes undressing with their white wives under the fig tree on the beach. Meaning. . . .

The shaped stone: nevertheless and equally impenetrable.

The whole law of human thinking is the necessity of believing that of the universe which will make consciousness supportable. Consciousness in an unconscious universe, ignorant of man, obscurely and inanimately logical, consciousness in a universe over which consciousness has no possible control, is the unendurable tragedy. Death, meaning the destruction of consciousness without cure or consolation is not to be borne. Because he must, therefore, man has believed that the universe was made for him, spirit, by a god mindful of him, or he has believed that the universe was controlled by gods like himself and with whom he could deal, or he has believed that he himself by spells and magic could control the universe. It is not shameful that men have believed these things. Without them we are three dimensional beings in a world of two, invisible to it and yet subject to it, the third dimension only serving to give us a sense of our fate. And those beliefs are no longer possible because, though we still need to believe them, the intelligence with which we believe is not the slave of the need but of those phenomena which appeal to the intelligence and these are now incompatible with such faith. We now perceive, in spite of ourselves, that the external universe exists independently of our consciousness and that between it and consciousness there is no more possibility of communication than between a granite block and the square root of three. There remains to us our emotional conviction that the universe is real. And we attempt to enter it again with our minds, with our bodies, by representations of it in art—we, the intelligent, the forever exiled, who have made our lives outside of life.

* * *

The conquest of the cosmos by Science. But it is no lordship. It gives mankind no position of honor. It is no more a conquest than the collection of rain is a conquest of rain. It is a finding out How. You learn what you can do with electricity. A monkey learns what it can do with a nut.

The great modern sickness of boredom has its roots there. We do not wish to be kings. We wish to know How. And we know. And we are bored. To death.

* * *

There was one day. . . . There was a perfectly clear day of off-shore wind and the water was clean and shadowless and ice green and the thumbsmudges of wind were blue over green going seaward and the wind was seaward and the sounds of the railroad yard and the yelping of dogs and her voice singing that thing of Stravinsky's blew out to sea and far out on the sea the shoulders of the little waves were running backward up the slope of the sea with half hidden vanishing white flanges and there was a white butterfly falling against the green sea and the sun was behind the house and the wind was behind the house and her voice came out through the open window clear as green water, flowing like the loops of light on the ribbed sand in the shallows, fading out like the seaward wind on the sea, leaving the clear green silence. There was that day.

* * *

Nevertheless we shall return. . . .

Entering at night upon an almost windless sea that harbor in the Mediterranean, shadowing in across the long slippery reflections of the quay-side lights, the sound of the accordions moving over the water and the long tenor voices from the *Place* under the plane trees—the anchor falling with a throb of chain through the deep water. . . .

Things That Are Past—

(*Continued from preceding page*)

imagination is released again to ask, "Cui Bono?" or "What is a man profited; if he shall gain the whole world—?," and all the other penetrating questions which the search for love, beauty, and happiness will always arouse. A great literature can never be founded upon discontent, but that is often its first itch and tweak. We shall probably get Great Books when thought has an evident greatness in proportion to things being done, when it sharply differs (as in the late eighteenth century) from things being done, and thus becomes not a public utility, but, in the words of earlier dreamers who felt that they were dealing in greatness, an evening and a morning star.

This is emphatically not true now of the thought stuff of our literature, and that is why it does not possess, no matter what may be its other merits, either Magnificence or Magnitude.

Keeping Up with Civilization

BOOKS AS WINDOWS. By May Lamberton Becker. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1929. $2.

MOROCCO BOUND: Adrift among Books. By Edwin Valentine Mitchell. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1929. $2.50.

ONCE AND FOR ALL. Selected by David McCord. New York: Coward-McCann. 1929. $3.

THE POET AND THE LUNATICS: Episodes in the Life of Gabriel Gale. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by Robert Cortes Holliday

TIME was, when it was generally understood the likeliest way to get lost and swallowed up by darkness was to venture beyond the frontiers of civilization. In these days most mortals are sore beset by the difficulties of keeping up with civilization. Constant is the danger of getting lost from civilized view, and swallowed up in utter darkness as to what is actively going on, even while, say, taking a course of six lessons in typography in order to look with respectable intelligence at the type faces employed in a modern newspaper. Such a prodigious lot comes up in the meantime. Various devices are being got up all the while by which the ardent but bewildered may subscribe to civilization, in this aspect or that, as it flies. These multitudinous phenomena are very probably a necessary part of the cultural steering gear of our complicated time. Nowadays, even book collectors (as a bookseller, later to be mentioned, notes) read; and even the reader erstwhile famous for having a book now collects another one. In the intellectual welter, as every study club knows, the devil takes the hindmost.

May Lamberton Becker, it need hardly be remarked in these columns, has been one of the most valuable pieces of cultural steering gear of our period—this whirligig of transition and concepts changing on you while you lunch. It has, I happen to know, mystified and exasperated publishers' scouts that, happy in her fealty to her thousands of debtors by mail and word of mouth, she has cared so little to be a book author. The present volume gives a very fair indication of the professional equipment that has established her as the Mr. Foster of contemporary literature. Further, "Books as Windows" distinctly possesses the quality of engaging reading; abounding in the happy line, it holds the comfortable tone of as between one reader and another. And, touched throughout with simple anecdote and the warmth of personal living, it is steeped in human wisdom as well as literary values.

When Mrs. Becker thinks of a book she thinks of what is technically termed a "reading copy"; her own book, very properly, is unembellished by illustrations of "association" interest; her shingle takes no note of "parchments"; and it would be startling to come upon her in a literary pub. To the author of "Morocco Bound" a book is not so much a window as it is an aroma. In his pre-bookshop days practicing law, in 1920 Edwin Valentine Mitchell with two hundred dollars in the bank went professional bookman and revived the civilizing influence of Hartford, once the publishing center of the United States. With wholesome bite as to book-lover sentimentality, with a captivating flair for the droll, and a fetching urbanity, he tells his story as a publisher, editor, and dealer, in one of the most colorful discourses on the book world that I have come upon since I became a book-clerk sometime following upon the close of the Civil War.

I knew a man who when asked what he'd like for dinner answered, "Something delicate and lots of it." So, recently, it seems to be with popular taste and the caviar of Letters—the Essay. The latest of the now innumerable anthologies in this field (if another doesn't appear before this piece) is a decidedly unusual looking volume of the sort. Springing away from the customary schoolbook effect, "Once and For All" has a refreshingly large and easy air. David McCord exercises a very inviting turn of mind in his selection and in his own introductory essay.

Mr. Chesterton, certainly, is among the essayists. When, however, he plays upon the currently fashionable crime horn he pretends that he writes detective stories. "The Poet and the Lunatics" presents the paradox of all his novels—very poor novels but delightful books. These new tales are very bad detective stories but make a very good book.

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Goat's Head on a Martyr

IDOLS BEHIND ALTARS. By ANITE BRENNER. New York: Payson & Clarke. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

THE solar plexus of Miss Anita Brenner's interpretation of Mexico is art. She punches this central theme with right good gusto and with such expert intelligence that she sends out quivers into the very extremities of the Mexican body social. One may not agree that esthetics comprises the major nerve center of Mexican conduct, thought, and achievement; but fortunately theory has not dimmed Miss Brenner's alertness, and her blows rather serve to galvanize the whole Mexican subject into vital action. Indeed her concept of Mexican art is as broad as Mexican life itself. It is Mexican life, poetically described. But this amplification imposes equally broad obligations. These have not been shirked in "Idols behind Altars," though they have not all been solved.

One suspects that in choosing her esthetic approach at the expense of economic, political, and social considerations, Miss Brenner is pleasantly indulging herself in that trait of Mexican *vacilada*, or flirtatious inconsistency, which she describes so aptly, and which makes at times rather jumpy connections between her major beloved nerve center and the more prosaic liver, intestines, and kidneys of the Mexican subject. She defines *vacilada* as "caricature without a moral," "a boiling down of cosmic frustration," "a goat's head on a martyr." It is further described as "a mestizo mask, fusion of bland Indian iron and Spanish picaresque baroqued by a fantastic history to irresponsibility."

Her title, "Idols behind Altars," is in itself of a piece with this *vacilada*. Both "idols" and "altars" are, with Miss Brenner, not religious or sociological symbols, but thus placed in significant and incisive juxtaposition, are a repetition of her major motif—art shot through with bizarre caricature. Ostensibly she is justified in her approach because the capstone of the book is the last third, dealing with the modern Mexican art movement. The first two thirds deal with the general Mexican scene, redefined in terms of esthetics. Thus Miss Brenner is no sterile art critic. She has utilized the only possible interpretation of the modern art movement consistent with its own manifestation—she has interwoven it with the very blood and sinew and soul of Mexico itself. The artists themselves have considered their labors to be one mighty piston of the fighting machine of social regeneration which has so plowed up the soil of Mexico during the past decade and a half.

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To many readers, doubtless, the earlier portions of Miss Brenner's admirable book will seem confusing. There is a deal of joyous regurgitating of undigested reading; there are many old and futile generalizations brilliantly and startlingly restated; the style is breathless, like Queen Mab, "edged with intolerable radiance"; there are not enough platforms for rest and resurvey of the grandiose panorama. Yet for the average reader confusion will result less from these praiseworthy faults than from Miss Brenner's refusal to grapple her victim in a final decisive clinch. Her refusal is voluntary, true to her Mexican material and to the esthetic criterion she has set up. As D. H. Lawrence pointed out in his book of essays on Mexico, the white man hews out his thinking in straight lines against the will of the world; the Indian's thinking curves itself to the more complex spirals of nature. Lawrence's idea is perhaps just a poetical apperception of one aspect of the "Primitive Mind" grappled with scientifically by Professor Boas. Certainly the Indian demands no rigid system of beliefs, only tabus. If he ventures into the realm of metaphysics, the completed edifice promptly shifts to a poetic symbol rather than final truth. His world, inevitably, remains adventurous with chance, as shouuld the world of any intelligent polytheist and animist. Miss Brenner, avoiding Lawrence's super-tourist awe of the Indian as a remote, incomprehensible being, avoids the other pitfall of attempting to wind him up in the shroud of white man's logic. Rather, she attempts to reduplicate, in a sophisticated fashion, his own mental processes. Thus, to the confusion of Nordic logicians, she has adopted the *symbol;* but being well-grounded in anthropology, she has not permitted her poetry to become untruthful.

Miss Brenner's record of modern Mexican painting is exceedingly valuable; it turns over a little-tilled field. Only a few scattered articles and chapters, a few specialized brochures, have preceded her. Her account of the Syndicate of Painters and Sculptors and of the various painters is a record which the world will someday thank her for having preserved. She is the Vasari of the modern Mexican school and quite as delightful as Vasari. No pedantic art criticisms here, but precious vignettes of the local scene. Her criticism is an admirable fusion of personal anecdote, critical insight, social comprehension. It is true she apportions her favors in accordance with some special dispensation of *ex catherdra* mysticism of which lesser critical mortals know nought of the rites. Thus her space emphasis irritates. Goitia is given more pages than the majestic Diego Rivera. Goitia, after all, is outside the main current. He is an ivory-tower painter, even though his ivory tower be an Indian hut smelly with pigs and clattering with chickens who let white guana fall on his canvasses. After all Don Diego is the only arduous survivor of the group. He has proceeded with ground-quaking tread from his monumental frescoes in Chapingo, the Preparatory

ONE OF THE WOODCUTS IN "GODS' MAN"

School, and his double-patio, three-gallery world of the Secretariat of Education, to his present grandiose panoramas in the Department of Health Building and the National Palace. No painter, past or modern, has had any more epic scope and opportunity than Diego, not even Michael Angelo and Rafael in the Sistine Chapel, or Gozzoli in the Pisan Campo Santo, or Giotto in Santa Croce. And Diego Rivera is the only mural painter in Mexico who not only has reached epic power, but who has organically and satisfactorily solved the relationship between the fresco and his architectural boundaries. Miss Brenner's treatment of Diego, though good, nevertheless, to me, seems inadequate. And she has given too much importance to Jean Charlot and not enough to Mérida. She penetrates José Clemente Orozco best of all. Personally, in spite of her ability—so much greater than Lawrence's—to get at the root of indigenous life in her earlier chapters, I wish that she might have compressed them for the benefit of the third part. We should have known more about Abraham Angel, that nineteen year old rustic Giorgione, and his ethereal simplicity; more of Revueltas and of the boy Paecheco. Yet all in all, this book is a glorious record of a glorious decade in the history of the world's great painting.

Perhaps it is too much to have expected Miss Brenner to have given a picture of the twilight that has now descended. One dislikes to puncture her optimism. But the major painters have been scattered by the violence of Mexican life—into politics, into exile, into the oblivion demanded by local intrigue. Rivera, because he is a master intriguer, a Renaissance poisoner of lesser reputations, as well as a Renaissance buccaneer painter, alone survives to mount the Palace staircase in the flame of his color. The tidal wave of Indianism, of nationalism, of self-seeking individuality, has receded. Industrialized order reaches steel fists over the Rio Grande. Mr. Morrow becomes the real president of the land. Mexico no longer stands as a beacon for Latin America; it no longer harbors the spiritual and moral dissidents of a continent and a half as Miss Brenner describes in her final chapter. The upthrust of the racial-economic revolution has ended, and with it the valiant deeds of its painter-fighters. Miss Brenner has left us an invaluable historical record of the *primitivi* of the Mexican Renaissance—or is it just a Risorgimento? She has told us of the local Giottos, the Cimabues, the Buoninsegnas, the Lorenzos of contemporary Mexican art. But that movement, for the moment, has been dammed. The future has been aborted. Two things must happen before Mexican painting can reach full maturity. The Czardom of Diego Rivera will have to sink into historical perspective, permitting new tendencies, of which Toomayo is one expression; and Mexico once more will have to rise up against the foreign invasion and rediscover its soul.

However this may be, Miss Brenner's book is a brave searching for some of the best truth of Mexican life, by one who has lived pulse to pulse with Mexico and Mexicans; and her picture of the world to the south of us drives home the unpleasant knowledge that the despised Mexican, in spite of his poverty and backwardness, has found more of life's inner meaning than perhaps we monarchs of the world's prosperity and progress. It is a book that must make us re-examine all of our most cherished credos.

A Novel in Woodcuts

GODS' MAN, a Novel in Wood Cuts. By LYND WARD. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

PICTURES in narrative series without reinforcement of text are of course no novelty, but the appeal has been to a familiar subject matter. Here we have a distinct novelty, an original novel told in about one-hundred-and-twenty woodcuts without the aid of words, and not merely told but told with strength and eloquence. The story itself runs a poetical, sometimes melodramatic course with implications of allegory. The themes are well chosen for graphic suggestion. We follow the fate of a young artist through grimmest disillusionment, through temporary solace of love and work to a death hastened by the Fiend, who ironically is presented as the artist's protector against a mocking or hostile world and as the source of his inspiration. The romantic themes proper to such a fable are handled with great power and with unfailing picturesqueness. Workmanship and interpretation are extraordinarily sustained. Plate after plate is a joy for resonant relations of black and white, for superb structural line, and for emotional appeal. Everything is quite first rate, and the book must be read in woodcuts, and doubtless will be widely read.

There should be no quarrel with the old-fashioned, elementary simplicity of the plot. Perhaps the author has learned from the old chapbooks, that it is only these elementary motives that go well into pictures. Greatest are the tragic or sardonic cuts. Indeed some tragic sense of life inspires the whole creation, but there are also delicious idyllic episodes, superb assertions of the greatness of sea, sky, and mountains while the sheer decorative beauty of many cuts recall the perfections of old black and gold lacquer. Incidentally the book is a final refutation of the happily waning delusion that a literary subject matter is detrimental to the artist. It is merely detrimental to a poor artist who lacks the intelligence to cope with such themes on pictorial terms. In designing his wordless novel Mr. Lynd evinces with sensitive intelligence rare emotional power and naturally and entirely flexible and responsive technique. This is an *editio princeps* for an entire category, and collectors will be wise to take it in while the taking is good.

Orlo Williams, writing to *John o'London's Weekly* of the Bagutta Prize says: "Literary prizes, of the type of our Hawthornden prize, are a very recent innovation in Italy. The 'Premio Bagutta' has recently been awarded for the second time. It is worth 5,000 lire, and its award causes the intensest excitement in the literary world of Italy; also, it has this distinction, that it was instituted, and is awarded, in a pothouse." The prize this year has been awarded to Giovanni Comisso for his "Gente di Mare," a description of the author's voyages on board a Chioggian coasting vessel, which plied between the Italian and Dalmatian coasts.

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A Monograph with a Punch

IS SEX NECESSARY? By JAMES THURBER and E. B. WHITE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

IT is with regret that the conscientious reviewer must record his dissent from several of the more hopeful findings of the Messrs. Thurber and White, now for the first time brought together in their present exhausting treatise, "Is Sex Necessary?" This is one of the most exhausting treatises, or monographs, the conscientious reviewer has ever read at one sitting. It left him weak, partially paralyzed, with a writhen face streaming with tears. For a scientific monograph—monograph is perhaps the word—this life-work of the Messrs. Thurber and White has an enormous emotional punch. Few scientific monographs have this, and are therefore rarely to be found among those present on lists labelled "Best Sellers—Non-fiction," now so persistently compiled. The treatise—treatise is perhaps the word—in question, runs no such risks of cultural oblivion. Nevertheless, a conscientious reviewer is a conscientious reviewer, and it must be repeated that this one dissents from several of the findings of the Messrs. Thurber and White.

But, first, a paragraph on the general scope of this treatise. (Monograph chiming disagreeably with paragraph, the word treatise is used in this instance for euphony. Monograph may, however, be employed later on, as occasion warrants. The reviewer specifically reserves his right to select, in any given crises, *le mot juste*).

"Is Sex Necessary?" is, then, both broadly and narrowly speaking, a monograph on Sex.

Having thus revealed the general scope of the treatise, it is now the reviewer's more agreeable duty to demolish it in detail.

* * *

One can only regret, of course, the reliance which the Messrs. Thurber and White have placed upon the neurological investigations of the outmoded Zaner and Tithridge. Both these far too sentimental pundits were completely discredited less than a year ago by the glacier-like logic of Professor Dr. Hermann Spillwitz, the Esthonian savant. My own thinking is now temporarily dominated by the really uncanny psychological iconoclasm of Spillwitz. True, I am also expecting great and depressing things from the recently announced *magnum opus*, begun at six on a borrowed typewriter, of that child-wonder of the Bronx, Miss Sadie Ortiz. It is to be named, if I have not been misinformed, "Subways of the Soul," and it is said to be rather a profound bit of tunneling in various discouraging directions. While Messrs. Thurber and White should not be too severely censured, possibly, for ignorance with respect to the as yet unprintable sexual *aperçus* of Miss Ortiz, they can not, on the other hand, be sufficiently condemned for so crassly overlooking Spillwitz. Spillwitz touches nothing he does not degrade, and his latest monograph, or treatise, "Religion as Sex," has put out, I feel that one may say, the last guttering candle of idealism in the subterranean manure-pit of humanity.

Much of the otherwise valuable work of the Messrs. Thurber and White is, therefore, because they have too hastily and with averted noses passed by Stillwitz, vitiated by what can only be called a hopeful view of life. They are still, poor fellows, deluded by the notion that something can be done to alleviate the horrors of sex. It is their puerile contention that while sex is, on the whole, a cosmic error, it may yet be regarded, from time to time, as having its compensations. This is a fundamental weakness in their approach to a strong subject, and betrays them into a lot of suspicious kindliness and cosmetized special pleading. As for example: their diagnostic analysis of claustrophobia in the married male (i. e., his dread "of living under conditions which would interfere with a speedly escape into the open"), while carried through relentlessly to an inescapable conclusion, is at once nullified, in all its splendid objective pessimism, by the feeble statement which immediately follows:

"There are various simple ways to avoid this sad state of affairs."

It is impossible to take their treatise, or monograph, seriously after that.

The illustrative anatomical Plates (revealing influences from the art of the Cave Dwellers, of William Blake, and of Clarence Day), while didactically admirable, have perhaps a certain loose imaginative charm not wholly in keeping with their scientific pretensions. Yet these Plates should be commended, since they do not err, as the text so often errs, on the side of mercy. Particular attention is called to the very significant Plate on page 52, a drawing "from the Tithridge collection of American male postures." "This peculiar posture," it is explained, "was discovered by Dr. Tithridge in a patient who for thirty years, boy and man, had been unable to tell love from passion and who allowed it to prey on his mind." More can be learned from attentive study of this figure than from many a treatise or monograph. The close resemblance of the patient in question to the distinguished author of "An American Tragedy" is, of course, fortuitous and has no bearing on the matter one way or another.

In conclusion, let it be recorded—following the excellent if fatiguing custom of H. L. Mencken—that while a glossary has been provided, there is no index.

Five Boys and Another

THE WHITE HOUSE GANG. By EARL LOOKER. New York: Fleming H. Revell. 1929.

Reviewed by CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

NOT since the immortal "Huckleberry Finn" has there been such a record of boy adventure, gang spirit, and un-selfconscious lack of consideration for the amenities of more stodgy and elderly life as the, to me, enchanting chronicle of gay and irresponsible hours, recorded in Mr. Looker's delightful description of the irrepressible Contingent who played so big a part in the early White House days when Theodore Roosevelt was President.

Mr. Looker himself, one of that very Gang, has dealt so charmingly and gracefully with the exciting incidents connected with its prowess, has so fully understood the attitude of a great man toward the desire for liberty on the part of the small boy, has so sympathetically portrayed the friendship possible between father and son no matter how exalted the position of the father, that the reader in perusing these pages more than ever realizes the eternal child in Theodore Roosevelt and the unquestioned manliness of that beloved "Benjamin" of the White House whose "great adventure" was to be of so short duration. No shadow, however, of what was to come darkens this delicious narrative. Fun and frolic are its essence, love and liberty its frame.

Surely this little book rounds a perfect trio of books, and one feels that Theodore Roosevelt's "Letters to his Children," Theodore Roosevelt's own early "Diaries," and now "The White House Gang" are all three the epic,—with much of the lyric as well,—of a family life which from generation to generation was built on perfect inter-comprehension.

Perhaps this last addition to the series shows more perfectly than any of them what effect can be produced on the boyish character by suggestion and example rather than preachment.

* * *

Was there ever a more delightful evidence of comradship than that wild romp in the attic of the White House when the President, having been stunned by the unexpected contact in the dark, to quote T. R. "a block of wood with a block of wood," retires to repair injuries and returning finds that the Gang have confined their offending member who turned off the light (thus causing the accident) in a chest filled with camphor balls and other painful and suffocating addenda? T. R., according to the narrative, quick to realize the endangered condition of the prisoner in the chest, gives him rapid liberty, wipes his face covered by tears of anguish, and explains said tears by the sentence: "He has broken out in a sweat. The moth balls have gotten into his eyes and made them water." This, literally to "save his face," while the firm edict was added "Shutting up boys in cedar chests for more than sixty seconds is strictly forbidden henceforth."

Perhaps of the many delightful incidents in this altogether charming book, the one at the very beginning holds first place. Can we not see those vivid followers of "Q.," as T. R. strides full steam ahead with doors miraculously opening and shutting behind him, and the Gang "mimicking his strenuous pace, he unconscious of their proximity closely on his train?" One feels in reading of it almost as "breathless" as Quentin felt, and one longs to have the Gang succeed in passing through life's doors "like Kings walking through *their* palaces as fast as they please." They were like kings, those happy boys, with all of lovely out-of-doors as their kingdom, with the White House grounds ever ready and open for any harmless prank.

This little book seems to me to show more clearly than almost any other how the older mind can stimulate toward knowledge the eager and yet elusive child mind which so often refuses to be taught and yet accepts gladly the incentive toward finding out for itself. Witness the conversation about Guy Fawkes:

"Guy Fawkes," repeated Q. "Who is he?" The President halted. "Guy Fawkes," he said, "was the conspirator who tried and nearly succeeded in blowing up the British House of Lords and the King by mining the cellar. It was called the Gunpowder Plot and happened in 1600"—he thought a moment—"sixteen hundred and four. Find out what king reigned in England at the time, and why it was, that Fawkes said part of the plan was, to 'blow the Scots back into Scotland.'" Perceiving that he had said enough to start historical research, T. R. added, 'Please let me know if you discover—as you will—other interesting matters relating to Guy Fawkes," and walked vigorously away to meet the delegation and face the camera.

No wonder Quentin turned to the Gang and said "Father is simply a mine of information," and immediately led his faithful followers to the upper library in the White House where the books of reference were, and where their knowledge of Guy Fawkes was rapidly although not entirely accurately increased. What golden, glorious days, and perhaps the best of all of them was that special one when a personal invitation was issued to the "Gang" to meet the President on his yacht the *Sylph* to make an expedition on the Potomac. There were no officials that soft spring afternoon to share the attention of the Head of the Nation. Just five happy boys, and a sixth boy, man though he was, happy to be a boy for a respite of a few hours from the great cares of state.

* * *

No wonder, with such a setting, that the play began at once. They were pirates, and the captain, named by T. R. "Cap'en Sinkem" landed the pirates with "muffled oars" in a "glassy cove" to the echo of shots fired in quick succession from the saluting gun. Breathless they stormed the deserted cabin, captured it, and were supremely happy. What more blissful moment in boy life could possibly be imagined, what more enchanting companion than that "sixth boy" who led the pirate crew to victory? And yet in the midst of all the fun and merriment, that same "sixth boy" lifted his young companions to something finer and deeper and higher too, for that very afternoon as the Sylph passed Mount Vernon the ship's bell tolled, and off came T. R.'s hat in reverence and respect, and all talk ceased. "That bell is tolling for the soul of a great man," T. R. explained.

"We are now passing his house and the things he loved; his body, too, which he had to leave behind him. Wouldn't it be fine if you and I grew up to be thus respected? Of course you may not be able to get thousands to respect you as Washington did; but you can begin by getting two or three—maybe six or a dozen—and *that's* fine, too! Sometimes, *quite* as fine. Think of that!"

The writer and his fellow Gang members often thought of "that," as the years passed on, and the boys of the White House Gang went out to meet harder battles than any fought in those rough-and-tumble, irrevelant days when the White House corridors echoed to the happy shouts of its privileged young occupant and his friends. Each one has thought of "that" as he has faced the hard discipline of illness or disappointment, and equally, I feel sure, they all thought of "that" when their country called them to what for "Q," the merry, fair-haired White House boy, was to prove his final test, one in which he was not found wanting.

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One of the Immortals

FRANKLIN, The Apostle of Modern Times. By BERNARD FAY. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IS there anything really new to be said about Benjamin Franklin? asks the uninformed reader. The obvious answer is that a great deal that is new can be said, if only because no real biography has appeared since the publication of Albert H. Smyth's admirable collection of Franklin's writings twenty years ago. Indeed, in these twenty years we have had but one important work on Franklin, which deserves special mention because M. Fay for some reason entirely omits it from his bibliographical lists; this being, of course, Senator William Cabell Bruce's "Many-Sided Franklin." But that book does not present a continuous biography, for it is simply an analysis of Franklin's work in his different capacities as statesman, writer, scientist, business man, and so on. At any time in recent years a competent scholar could have written a valuable new work on Franklin by merely exploring Mr. Smyth's material and utilizing his biographical prefaces. But Mr. Fay has done far more than this. He has ransacked the libraries of two continents—Berlin, Paris, London, New York, Philadelphia, the Mason collection in Evanston, the Clements Library in Ann Arbor, the Huntington Library—for unpublished letters. Of these he has found more than six hundred, besides a mass of untouched manuscripts not from Franklin's hand but pertaining to him. Even so, he has not seen everything of note that exists—for example, the material in the possession of the DuPont family.

As this is incomparably the best biography of Franklin yet published, a book which at once answers the exacting demands of scholarship and reads like a romance, we may state its defects briefly and then proceed at more length to indicate its virtues. In part of his equipment—his industry, his acuteness, his knowledge of the European background, his ability to tell a story well—M. Fay is an ideal biographer of Franklin. But in knowledge of the colonial American background, of some aspects of the American character, and, we may add, of the literary niceties of the English language, his equipment is inferior. There are times when we distrust even his view of Franklin, which, after the fashion of the present day, rather overemphasizes psychology. For example, he takes much more seriously than most students would do Franklin's half-playful intimacy with Mme. Helvetius and Mme. Brisson, and his half-affected proposals of marriage to the former. No one who reads carefully Franklin's amusing *jeu d'esprit* for Mme. Helvetius called the "Descent to Hell, "wherein he pictures a meeting in the Elysian Fields with the shades of M. Helvetius and Mrs. Franklin, now married to one another," can really follow M. Fay in calling it the product of a "feverish night" of chagrin after Mme. Helvetius had rejected him. Franklin in France had his Watteau side. Nor is the analysis of Franklin as a youth and pushing young man quite satisfactory in its emphasis on his calculating traits. He was a utilitarian, but a utilitarian with real moral elevation. He did not set up thrift and prosperity as the highest good, but virtue and happiness, which were to be safeguarded by thrift and prosperity.

M. Fay is for the most part admirably accurate in detail, yet he occasionally errs through lack of a sure background. We meet a few such slips as the confusion between Lord Granville and Lord Grenville, two very different men. The account, for example, of Franklin's part in the politics of Pennsylvania in the stormy years 1764, when he and Joseph Galloway led a popular party against John Dickinson and other supporters of the Proprietary family, might easily be improved. Franklin never wrote a better argument on any minor topic than his argument against the Penns and their government in his "Preface to the Speech of Joseph Galloway," which M. Fay dismisses as merely "a brutal personal attack against J. Dickinson." More important is the insufficient attention given to some sides of Franklin's purely American activity, such as his interest in the proposed colony of Vandalia and in Western settlement. Still more important is the excessive emphasis, as it will seem to many readers, given to Franklin's interest in Freemasonry and its part in his public life in both Europe and America. M. Fay, as is natural to a Frenchman, takes an essentially political view of Freemasonry, and seems at times to treat it as a great lever which Franklin discovered and used for political objects. It is, of course, true that he was a fairly good Mason, as were George Washington and other American leaders and numerous English noblemen and commoners. It is doubtless almost true that by 1770 "all the lodges of France and England sang the praises of their illustrious brother." But neither in his own writings nor in those of his contemporaries is there evidence to support this view of the importance of his Masonic connection; and we may believe that his career would have been substantially the same had he never entered Freemasory.

But after making allowance for all these objections, we have left in M. Fay's book an absorbing narrative of Franklin's varied and cosmopolitan career, a strikingly full and clear picture of the times and scenes in which he lived, a penetrating account of the main ideas of his age, and last but by no means least, some interesting new details—never more than details—to add to the known facts of his life. Most of these details fall in the second half of the volume. It is this half, indeed, which is the most valuable in every way. Book one, "The Rearing of an Eighteenth Century Radical," the account

Franklin—From a French portrait.

of the tallow-chandler's boy who became a runaway printer, offers little that is novel except an unusually extended account of colonial Boston. Book Two, "The Way to Wealth," is again built on familiar materials. But in Book Three, "Dr. Franklin Builds an Empire," and Book Four, "Dr. Franklin the Patriarch," we have a very considerable amount of new data, which if it never greatly changes our conception of Franklin and his work, at least enlarges and humanizes it.

It is in treating Franklin and the imperial idea that M. Fay is boldest, and that he does most to infuse new significance into Franklin's characteristic compound of sagacious thought and practical action. No citizen of the colonies was ever less a provincial than Benjamin Franklin. This was partly because of innate qualities; it was partly because of external circumstances. His father had been an Englishman born, he himself migrated as a boy from Massachusetts to Pennsylvania, and he traveled to England as a mere youth and spent two years there before returning home. He was rather a citizen of the Empire than of any single part of it, and his attachment to the principle of imperial unity and integrity became one of the profoundest of his emotions. M. Fay shows as no previous biographer has done just how much thought and prevision went into Franklin's plans for reorganizing and cementing the Empire. He knew that it was a case in which the whole was much greater than the sum of its parts, and that both England and America had much to lose by a violent separation. M. Fay believes that he looked forward not only to a time when the North Atlantic would be a British Mediterranean (which after 1763 it was rapidly becoming), but to the day when the centre of power in this wealthy and illustrious empire would be on the American side:

> "The foundation of British grandeur is in America," he said to himself, over and over again. America was the paradise of the Anglo-Saxons to him, a vast, rich, uncultivated land, which only awaited the hand of men to make it fruitful. He believed in America and did not fear, like the philosophers of the Old World, that it would absorb thousands of people without benefit to humanity.
>
> It seemed right to him that the centre of this empire should be located some day in the New World, to which England would owe her fortune, but after the Albany Convention he lost hope in the colonies organizing an Anglo-Saxon Empire themselves. They were too occupied with their own little jealousies and their little internal quarrels. He turned toward England, from which country alone the empire should spring. Only England could make his plan real, by giving it to the colonies in the form of a command. He had applied all his subtle wisdom to this plan, and all his vast experience as a politician. His program was to enlarge the British domain by the immediate constitution of the colonies, which would insure the immediate execution of British law on the continent and prepare for the future; to establish an Anglo-Saxon confederation with its capital, king, and Federal Parliament in London, the latter conserving the rights of the Magna Charta, and sending representatives to the Imperial Parliament.

But Fate was against Franklin, doomed to struggle with narrow and arrogant little politicians in Great Britain, and for years never to win even an audience with the one statesman whose brain and imagination, had his health and political ascendancy endured, might have been equal to carrying out Franklin's plans—Lord Chatham. Nothing is more striking in Franklin's career than the suddenness and completeness with which, when the breach between colonies and motherland came, he cut off short all his attachments to England, and committed himself to vigorous hostilities. There was something of the revulsion of disgust in his attitude. He was through with the stupid, selfish, tyrannical leaders who insisted, after endless warning, upon throwing an empire away.

Much has been written of Franklin's political and diplomatic activities after 1776, and even on the diplomatic labors which he undertook M. Fay does not furnish us any startlingly new facts. He offers decidedly less fresh illumination upon the Franco-American alliance than Professor Van Tyne does in his new volume. But there is ample compensation for this in the fulness and expertness with which he traces Franklin's intellectual and social life in Paris and Passy, places in whose atmosphere M. Fay is far better steeped than anyone else writing for an American public. It need not be said that these chapters on Franklin as the benign, wise, witty, playful patriarch are the most attractive in the book. He was growing to be an old man when he reached France, and was soon to feel the menaces of stone and the gout. His relations with his fellow-diplomatists from our shore, John Adams, Arthur Lee, and others were, to the discredit of America, often unhappy. But in these years he was in some ways at the very apogee of his activities. He was incredibly busy obtaining loans, letting contracts, dealing with volunteers, making treaties of commerce, looking after privateers, and transacting an infinitude of business. At the same time he was basking in the fullest sunshine of popular favor; serving the cause of science by continued investigation and writing, and carrying on a busy social life. M. Fay has a simple explanation for his glittering success:

> It was extraordinary that Franklin's ideas should have been received with such eagerness and welcome, but the fact was that France was the true country of his mind. He had fought against her for so long in the name of Whig principles, that his success was nothing less than a miracle. He had arrived in France as an utter stranger, bringing with him all the ideas that had resulted from his radical education in Boston and London. His principles on the church, divinity, liberty, and equality had not changed since 1723, but he could now express them openly, and found that they were marvelously adapted to his aristocratic environment.

In this statement of Franklin's adaptation to an aristocratic environment we find a certain contradiction of M. Fay's own often-repeated assertion that Franklin was an embodiment, or rather an apotheosis, of the middle class, bourgeois spirit of the eighteenth century. Part of his ideas, to be sure, were the ideas of the pushing, busy Anglo-American middle class, the class of Defoe, Burke, Adam Smith, Benjamin Rush, John Jay, and John Adams; but part were the ideas of the more select souls who led toward the age of Enlightenment—of Pope, Priestley, Paine, Hume, Voltaire, Rousseau, and the rest. He was indeed an apostle of the Age of Enlightenment, and hence, as M. Fay says in his subtitle, an apostle of modern times; which means one of the liberators of mankind in a time of transition. We are fortunate in obtaining so expert and careful a history of the man and all his significant acts, great and small, from one of the scholars who is most at home among the people and ideas of the period.

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The Dr. Riggs of His Day

WEIR MITCHELL: His Life and Letters. By ANNA ROBESON BURR. New York: Duffield & Company. 1929. $6.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

MR. WEIR MITCHELL'S life as he lived it, and as Mrs. Burr tells the story, was one long series of triumphs. Many greater men than he have not received the recognition that was their due until after death. But with him, from the beginning, it was success all the way. Scarcely an honor that can fall to a physician passed him by. Universities and medical academies vied with each other in crowning him with laurels. Honorary degrees and appointments came from Harvard, Edinburgh, Bologna, Rome, Johns Hopkins, Berlin —but one cannot name them all, Mrs. Burr's list fills almost five pages. Distinguished physicians, from Oliver Wendell Holmes to Sir William Osler and Dr. W. W. Keen, were rivals in their praise of him. His famous "rest cure" was supposed to have revolutionized the treatment of nervous disease.

More amazing was his fame among his contemporaries as writer,—as novelist and poet both. Mrs. Burr notes the growth of his self-esteem and says that by late in middle-life his vanity was colossal. "Who can blame a man for self-conceit," she asks, "when critics so lost their heads as to assure him that 'Hugh Wynne' far surpassed 'Esmond,' that 'François' gave a far better idea of the French Revolution than 'A Tale of Two Cities,' or that his 'Ode to a Lycian Tomb' was finer than 'Lycidas' "? Aldrich went so far as to write him that there were but two great American novels: "The Scarlet Letter" and "Hugh Wynne," "the long, slow, stiff novel," to quote his biographer.

Hardly less extravagant was the tribute to his charm as a man that won him such correspondents as George Meredith, Henry James, Andrew Lang, Phillips Brooks, Charles Eliot Norton, among many others. Nor could there be question of his claim as "decidedly a South of Market Street person," the greatest distinction to which a Philadelphian can aspire. To the certainty of genius that John Hay found in "Hugh Wynne," he added "the reserve of a gentleman," and Dr. Mitchell's comment was "that last did please me." There was not a touch of snobbishness in this pleasure. The "South of Market Street" Philadelphian is too sure of his position to be a snob.

* * *

It must be admitted that time has dimmed the glory of his greatness. His medical discoveries and methods do not seem of quite such surpassing importance today as they did yesterday. This may be because, as Mrs. Burr suggests, in his, "more than any other type of practice, the personal handling was the whole matter." More probably, because women now have such a multitude of occupations that less leisure is left them for rest cures. Even in Philadelphia, during his lifetime, sceptics here and there whispered that "Dr. Mitchell's cure" was with many women in that sacred section South of Market Street a symbolic social rite, like going to the Assembly and the Dancing Class. It marked the patient as one of the elect, one of the chosen Philadelphians. Dr. Mitchell's literary laurels, too, are somewhat tarnished. "Esmond" and "Lycidas" still hold their own, have not been overshadowed by the masterpieces of the popular Philadelphia doctor. The critics of the present generation could manage to read "Hugh Wynne" and not lose all sense of proportion in the reading. Altogether, it seems as if Dr. Mitchell is apt to be best remembered as a man of strong and alluring and amusing personality, a type of that fine old Philadelphian who is rapidly disappearing with so much else that gave Philadelphia its character.

Fortunately, Mrs. Burr belongs and therefore understands. Also, she makes the reader whose misfortune it is not to belong understand with her. In her pages we see Dr. Mitchell as she describes him, tall, handsome, blue-eyed, admirably dressed, fastidious as to gloves and handkerchiefs and neckties, with a pleasant fancy for cologne: a brilliant talker; the centre of Philadelphia's intellectual set, conspicuous at "Wistar Parties" and the Franklin Inn; married into the Cadwallader family; a famous diner-out, enjoying a good dinner, good champagne, a good cigar to the very last, and he lived to be within a month of his eighty-fifth birthday.

It is curious that so typical a Philadelphian should have belonged to the first generation of his family born there, his father having come to the Quaker city from Scotland by way of Virginia. The older Dr. Mitchell is introduced to us by Mrs. Burr when he was "a tall, ruddy young gentleman, with an open, blue gaze and most engaging manners," attracting the attention and approval of Sir Walter Scott by his kindness to a young mother and baby in a stage coach traveling between Ayr and Edinburgh. The son had the advantage of being brought up in the old Philadelphia where Penn's traditions still lingered—the old Philadelphia where roses and honeysuckle and lilacs bloomed in pleasant "back yards," where humming birds flitted from flower to flower, where the watchman called the hours through the night and the cry of the hominy man was heard through the day; the Philadelphia unswerving in its faith that Cadwalladers, Biddles, and Whartons were the salt of the earth; the Philadelphia of the fine old Madeira that was Dr. Mitchell's inspiration for perhaps the best book he ever wrote—"A Madeira Party"; the Philadelphia where dining was the supreme pleasure, a cherished ceremony, the evening's reward for the morning's business.

To the Philadephian who writes this appreciation the most vivid memory of Dr. Mitchell is of the diner-out in his old age, shaking with the nervous trouble that overtook him in his later years, but eating his terrapin with unabated appetite, drinking his champagne with unabated thirst, and, at the end of dinner as at the beginning, talking with an eloquence and humor that not the youngest of the party could rival. His achievements in literature and medicine may never again be rated as high as he rated them through, not undue conceit, but the self-confidence that helps a man to perform to the best of his ability whatever tasks life may bring him. He was a devoted son, a more than generous brother, a loyal husband and father, a kindly patron to the young who deserved his patronage. But he had the wisdom to get for himself in this world the greatest gifts it holds in store for any man—hard work and a capacity for pleasure. It is to Mrs. Burr's credit that, fairly overwhelmed with the facts of his career, she has yet succeeded in giving a faithful portrait of the man who was a striking, outstanding figure in his day, a true Philadelphian of the old school.

On the Horizon

THE NEW AMERICAN CARAVAN. Edited by ALFRED KREYMBORG, LEWIS MUMFORD, and PAUL ROSENFELD. New York: The Macaulay Company. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by HORACE COON

THE first of the "American Caravans" was a colorful explosion, the fireworks promised much; the second was a less brilliant rocket of much the same tone throughout; and now the third appears, a mildly exciting pinwheel, not without force and momentum, but restricted to a narrow radius and illuminating for only a moment one corner of the native scene. It is a relief to discover, for one thing, that the hard-boiled fad is passing. Nothing of the Hemingway school is to be found in this volume; the editors have had the foresight to deflect its movement toward other goals. They have uncovered this year nothing sensational. What one finds instead is sincere, self-critical writing, wrought out of sweat and whipped-up nerves; the concentration is all upon varying and individual conceptions of what constitutes first-rate prose and poetry. No vital struggle is evident to say something; in fact the reader is likely to suspect that these writers have amazingly little to say; the struggle is to say it perfectly.

There are no fresh explorations of character, no experimental investigations of the modern consciousness, no revolutionary visions of life, no loud, authentic voice of unquestionable genius. Rather it is competence within the narrow circle of sex and self. These themes apparently furnish the most profound experiences, but to revolve around such obsessions, while it may result in expert expression, only tells us the familiar conclusions once again. The final impression, particularly from the short stories, is of a mass of neurotic writing, torn from goaded and lacerated nerves rather than from any normal functioning of the creative process.

From the newcomers the two most moving stories are Pearl A. Sherry's "Intact" and Joseph Mitchell's "Cool Swamp and Field Woman." The first is an essentially feminine mood realized with admirable success; the second is a masculine attitude which is communicated with a Sherwood Anderson flavor, but with greater intensity, especially in the sense-impressions. "York Beach," by Jean Toomer, is a stiff, dull record of a hypersensitive writer who thinks like a philosophical sophomore. "Cataract," by S. Guy Endore, is lush and torrential, "Gild Your Enemy!" by Gerald Sykes, is a Dostoievsky phantasy about a nasty little boy; Joseph Vogel contributes a delightfully satiric picture of a Jewish wedding; E. E. Cummings offers some of his irresistible, if you like it, nonsense, and Robert Cantwell presents a technically interesting analysis of an emotion. The novel, "The Obelisk," is a brief autobiographic repetition of a sensitive boy growing up and going to Harvard. The childhood scenes have even more vividness and authenticity than such narratives usually possess.

* * *

The chaos and hysteria implicit in the other writing breaks out violently in the verse. Phelps Putnam's rhapsody in spite of minor stumblings has the march of true poetry, Marjorie Allen Seiffert's ballad is amusing, Clarence E. Cason has some ingenious verse; Evelyn Scott, who writes a poetical prose, gives us some of her prosaic poems. Isidor Schneider, Stanley J. Kunitz, Helen Pearce, and Leon Srabian Herald show us more and perhaps too much of the work with which their followers have been familiar, while John Gould Fletcher and David Carter send some excellent selections.

No more devastating criticism of the poetry in this "Caravan" could be made than to apply to it the standards set up by Yvor Winters in the fragment of his essay on "The Extension and Reintegration of the Human Spirit through the Poetry Mainly French and American since Poe and Baudelaire." This, in its complete form, may well become a valuable contribution to contemporary criticism. "The true function of the poet;" he says, "is to organize the facts of life into a new and more dynamic synthesis." Of Archibald MacLeish he remarks, "it is criminal for genius to be needlessly unintelligent," and to Eugene Jolas he offers the alternative: "the abandonment of his doctrine or the suicide of a gentleman." He also makes apt criticism of T. S. Eliot. Mr. Winters has done some energetic thinking and vigorous writing, yet it may be still doubted whether hard thinking will lead inevitably to better poetry.

Imaginative literature finally comes into its own with the last contribution in the volume. The Paul Green play, "Tread the Green Grass," justifies the whole "Caravan." In bringing forth such works the publishers deserve the support of all who are optimistic about American culture, for here is a drama of religious lunacy which, whether it can be staged in this form or not, adds indisputable evidence that there is in our land an abundance of themes and a plethora of material to furnish the sort of creation for which we have long been waiting. As a piece of writing it is magnificent.

The "Caravan" this year is shorter and more compact than before. There still exists no market for the artistic short story in America. It is fated either to mechanization or futility. While the "Caravan" exists we can feel comforted that here is a place where the unconventional, serious, idealistic writer can find a voice. Blurbs should not permit us to expect a new crop of full-grown geniuses every season. Appearance in this annual gives confidence to young writers to go on and work hard, and every year some publisher gains from it the courage to accept one more novel or book of poems.

The *Saturday Review Co.* takes pleasure in announcing the election of Mr. John Corbin as a director of the company, to succeed the late Jesse Lynch Williams. Mr. Corbin has had a long and distinguished editorial and literary career. He has been assistant editor of *Harper's Magazine*, and later dramatic critic and editorial writer for the New York *Times*, dramatic critic for the New York *Sun*, and literary manager of *The New Theatre*. He is the author of many books and has just completed a volume on the life and times of George Washington.

The directors of the *Saturday Review Co.* are:

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
JOHN CORBIN
ROY E. LARSEN
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT
NOBLE A. CATHCART
AMY LOVEMAN
HENRY S. CANBY

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A Galsworthy Trilogy

A MODERN COMEDY. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE
Wesleyan University

WHEN a distinguished author republishes a series of three novels in a single volume, he challenges certain questions. Do the stories bear rereading, and do they gain or lose by being read continuously? When the trilogy is itself a sequel to an early trilogy, comparisons are inevitable. Is "A Modern Comedy" as good as "The Forsyte Saga"? It is a reviewer's first business to attempt answering such questions. "The White Monkey," "The Silver Spoon," and "Swan Song" are eminently rereadable, and they gain immensely by continuous reading; each perhaps a little fragmentary in itself, they fall into their places as parts of the larger and more impressive structure. In some respects "A Modern Comedy" is inferior to "The Forsyte Saga"; it is much less rich in varied and vivid types of character; it is less successful as the portrait of an age. The nineteen-twenties are too close to us for such a portrait; perspective is impossible. But in other ways "A Modern Comedy" has the advantage of its predecessor. It has a more organic unity, a clearer and more symmetrical plan, dominated by one great figure as tragic finally as Père Goriot,—the figure of Soames Forsyte.

This last seems to have come about contrary to Mr. Galsworthy's intention.

This "Modern Comedy" (he says in his preface) "is staged against a background of that more or less fixed quantity, Soames, and his co-father-in-law, light weight and ninth baronet Sir Lawrence Mont, with such subsidiary neo-Victorians as the self-righteous Mr. Danby, Elderson, Mr. Blythe, Sir James Foskinson, Wilfred Bentworth, and Hilary Charwell. Pooling their idiosyncrasies, qualities, and mental attitudes, one gets a fairly comprehensive and steady past against which to limn the features of the present,—Fleur and Michael, Wilfrid Desert, Aubrey Greene, Marjorie Ferrar, Norah Curfew, Jon, the Rafaelite and other minor characters.

If this represents Mr. Galsworthy's main purpose, he must be said to have failed. In the first place, this group of young people is not fairly representative of the present, as the older Forsytes are representative of the late Victorian era. They are the gilded fringe of the present, not its warp and woof. To show us the present as he showed us the 'eighties and 'nineties in "The Forsyte Saga," Mr. Galsworthy would have had to take a group of people who are still rising in the social scale through contributing something to the solid work of the world. These dabblers in the arts and in love-making are only trying to escape boredom; they are, in the main, such a group as may be found in any period among those who have too much money, too little character, and nothing to do. There are probably more of them today than in the last years of Victoria's reign, but except individually they have no more real significance now than then. In the second place, as individuals they are not profoundly interesting. Only two of them, Fleur and Michael, are characterized with any fulness, from the inside; the others are seen clearly but more or less superficially. Michael is modern and charming, and admirably drawn, but like his father he is rather a light weight. Fleur is even more fully revealed to us; we know her inside and out, but we are not quite sure that she is worth knowing so well (she has now played a prominent part in four novels). Her character, modern only on the surface, is essentially very simple; she is the spoiled girl, moderately clever, entirely self-centered, and strongly possessive, who has married the wrong man and is trying in a variety of ways to make it up to herself. She is not big enough or complex enough to be deeply interesting.

But if Mr. Galsworthy has failed to accomplish what he says he attempted, he has succeeded remarkably in doing something else. Soames Forsyte, coming out of the background where his author intended to place him, runs away with the story and saves it, somewhat as Shylock saves "The Merchant of Venice." When the reader begins to weary of Fleur and her transparent trickery, and of that cheerful and ineffectual angel, Michael, Soames has only to enter,—whether to buy a picture of an impoverished nobleman, to match his wits against a rascally dead-beat, or merely to pay a visit to his baby grandson—and reality enters with him; instantly our interest revives. The evolution of Soames through the six Forsyte novels is worth recalling. He was originally cast for the part of the villain, and plays it in "The Man of Property." He there stands for what his author most cordially detests,—the possessive instinct, unmitigated by any imaginative understanding of others. In the second and third novels of the Saga, he gains, bit by bit, Mr. Galsworthy's grudging sympathy: partly by his tenacity, partly by his practical shrewdness, partly by his refusal to surrender to the bitterness of his disappointment in his first marriage, partly by his complete absorption in his only child, Fleur.

It is this last which in "A Modern Comedy" redeems him from his narrower self; through his long and constant watching over Fleur, his intense and passionate need of undertanding her, he achieves finally an insight, an imaginative sympathy, which enable him to foresee her every decision. He understands, though he will never quite admit them to himself, her shallowness and egotism, the hopelessness of expecting from her any adequate return of his love. Here as in his marriage he is thwarted, but again he never surrenders. Without an instant's hesitation he gives his life to save her from a result of her own folly, and thus, at least temporarily, succeeds in conveying to her a sense of something real

Cover design for "Hudson River Bracketed."

outside of her own desires. His final brief dialogue with her is the most poignant scene in Mr. Galsworthy's novels, thrusting to the heart like Lear's last scene with Cordelia. The evolution of the villain into the tragic hero is complete. And yet Soames is never whitewashed or sentimentalized; he remains the careful, shrewd, possessive, Victorian man of affairs. Mr. Galsworthy's original dislike of him has happily saved him from idealization. He will remain one of the most memorable characters in modern fiction. What a fool, the reader reflects, was Irene not to see that in Soames she had a man worth a dozen flimsy Bosinneys or spineless young Jolyons!

If Mr. Galsworthy had written nothing else, the six Forsyte novels would insure him a permanent position among English novelists. The two trilogies dealing with the fortunes of one family, and presenting, with whatever imperfections, the pictures of the end of one era and the beginning of the next, are a unique achievement. In "A Modern Comedy" as in "The Forsyte Saga" Mr. Galsworthy has shown us his characters against a rich background of English life,—Parliament, the law courts, business, sport, philanthropy, art, unemployment, the general strike, the post-war sufferings of the poor. The only class which is unrepresented, or very inadequately represented, in his gallery is the lower middle class, which he knows least about. If he has not interested us very deeply in Fleur and her lovers, he has recreated their setting with extraordinary completeness and vividness. He has given us a chance to meet again among his minor characters such delightful acquaintances as Holly and Val Dartie and June Forsyte, and has introduced us to such a variety of new people as Wilfred Benworth, Marjorie Ferrar, Hilary Charwell, and Victorine Bicket. But it is not the brilliance and variety of these portraits that will draw us back to his book; it is that least showy and attractive of the Forsytes, Soames, the villain, who has proved so strong that, against the will of his somewhat puzzled creator (Mr. Galsworthy admits in his preface that he "knows not precisely what Soames stands for") he has become the hero of the cycle.

The best seller of the season in Italy is "Alberto Moravia's novel, "Gli Indifferenti," a first novel of unusual power. The action of the story takes place in a span of three days.

In the Willow Pattern

HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED. By EDITH WHARTON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by CATHERINE GILBERTSON

INTO her first complete study of a writer and a writer's background and problems, Mrs. Wharton has gathered up enough of what Mr. Percy Lubbock called "the adventure of her rare and distinguished critical intelligence," to give it, intellectually at least, the flavor of autobiography—delectable for genuine lovers of her work, despite the fact that its very fulness robs it of something of the clear-cut definiteness of design that has distinguished the rest.

"Hudson River Bracketed" is the architectural style of "The Willows," an old house on the Hudson, "impregnated with memories, . . . thick with tangible tokens of the past." To young Vance Weston, whose "own recollections could only travel back through a succession of new houses, . . . all without any traces of accumulated living and dying," it is not only a revelation of his own poverty of spiritual background, but also a soil in which his mind may strike root "deep down in accumulated layers of experience." Through its influence—its treasure of books, its vista of generations of gracious living—the boy, who, at nineteen, has invented a new religion, at twenty-four, is moved to exclaim to his grandmother that "the greatest proof of the validity of a religion is its age, its duration. . . . Who wants a new religion, when the old one is there, so little exhausted or even understood, in all its age-long beauty?"

This young writer, "the raw product of a middle-western town, . . . trying to tell the world about things he isn't really familiar with," and his heart-breaking child wife, married in romantic heedlessness, and "Halo," sympathetic friend—symbol, like "The Willows" which is hers, of the quiet wisdom, the emotional control, the ordered beauty, of a well-treasured inheritance from the past—, are all near and dear to Mrs. Wharton. Indeed, nothing more comprehending, more compassionately just, has come from her pen than her account of the struggle of the soul of Vance Weston to use its wings; its brief Icarian flights, its cry for freedom, its hunger for warm, human understanding, its passionate need of a sustaining faith.

Frank commercialism that would tie him up to real estate, is against him; and a more insidious commercialism in the world of letters, that would turn him into a clerk. Poverty and Laura Lou cut him off from leisure and the more gracious living that charms his imagination and draws his senses. The age in which he lives, "this after-war welter, with its new recipe for immortality every morning," has shaken his faith in himself. But these are trifles compared with his own sense of inner destitution. Not ignorance of books merely, but "the meagerness of his inherited experience, the way it has been torn off violently from everything which has gone before, strikes him with a pang of impoverishment." Like Lily Bart and Ralph Marvell and the little Wheaters, if in a different way, he is a victim of the national love of tearing up roots, forsaking "the old house stored with memories," moving on, getting ahead,—of what, or where, or why, few know or care.

His artistic salvation, however, lies in the very realization that ignorance of the past accounts for the sense of unrelatedness in the present; that insensibility to those mysterious forces continually at work beneath the appearance of things, is responsible for the shallow brilliance, the merely superficial accuracy of our literary photography; that there can be no great books unless writers have felt "the beauty of continuity in the spiritual world," have heard "that footfall of Destiny" that rings out "in the first pages of all great novels, as compelling as the knock on Macbeth's gates, as secret as the opening measures of the Fifth Symphony."

Those of us who have browsed among Mrs. Wharton's books, for twenty years and more, will find much here that is happily reminiscent.

But we would not leave the impression that "Hudson River Bracketed" is merely a treatise on the dilemma of the writer. It is an absorbing story. Vance and Halo and Laura Lou catch hold of the heart strings. And the book has, besides, a fair share of significant background portraits, done in the best manner of the "Comic Spirit."

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Danger Island

THE BOOK OF PUKA PUKA. By ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE. New York: The Century Company. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES NORDHOFF

FAR out in the wastes of the Pacific Ocean, almost midway between Ecuador and New Guinea, and between the North Pole and the South, there is a bit of half-drowned land marked Danger Island on the charts. It is an atoll, nowhere more than a few yards above the sea, and with no passage into the lagoon. Perhaps it derives its name from the two long horns of reef that diverge seaward from the landing-place for boats. A sailing-vessel, caught by a head-wind in the bay thus formed, has small chance of clawing off.

A thousand or two thousand years ago, Danger Island was inhabited only by birds, land-crabs, the turtle that hauled up to lay their eggs, and the small, clean, widespread Polynesian rats. But one day long ago, a primitive sailing-ship made the new landfall, perhaps loaded with remnants of a tribe conquered in battle on some island to the west—perhaps no more than one of the exploring expeditions the Marquesans called *he fenua imi*—seeking for land. In either case the men would have had women, and pigs, and fowls, and young plants of many kinds done up in moss. They sought for the landing place, found it, beached their vessel, and settled down to roam no more. Once in a century, perhaps, other wanderers came ashore, to fight and be killed, or to live and mingle their blood with that of the first settlers. In any case, the people of Danger Island are Polynesians—brown, handsome, courteous, indolent, and little touched by the world so far away. In their language—a strange dialect of the widespread Polynesian tongue—they call their island Puka Puka. No men throughout the Pacific, it is said, can husk coconuts faster than the Puka Pukans, but a friend of mine who sent for some of them to work on his plantation on Rarotonga, soon shipped them home in despair. When ordered inland, they returned to the beach, saying that they were afraid the mountains would topple over on them; when his foreman found them dozing in the shade at nine in the morning, they informed him that they were tired and needed a rest.

In the Western Pacific, where the ugly black cannibals live, there are, no doubt, islands more primitive than Puka Puka, but in Polynesia there are none. The importance of Puka Puka's trade is nil, and in inaccessability the place is second only to the moon. The captain of the only trading schooner that touches there has a prejudice against passengers, and the wise British authorities are far from encouraging a tourist-traffic to an island where certain of our less agreeable maladies are still unknown.

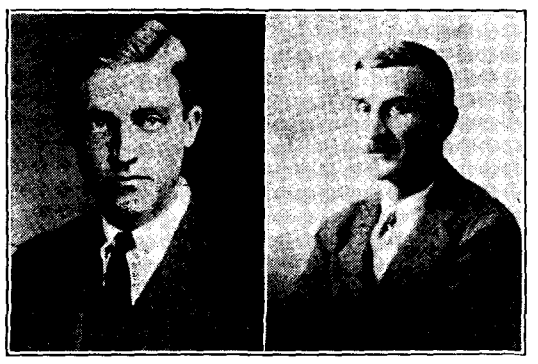
I have never visited Danger Island and have small hope of doing so, but for armchair travellers of my kind, "The Book of Puka Puka" is worth many times its price. Let me add that it is not a book for the nursery shelf—not even the modern one.

If the reader of this review will follow my example, pick up this book after a judicious dinner, close the door of his study, light a pipe and make sure that a tall amber glass stands where it can be reached without raising his eyes from the page, I will guarantee him an evening clean out of the ordinary. These are, perhaps, strong words, but they are set down deliberately.

This is Mr. Robert Dean Frisbie's first book, and for all I know it may be his last, for indolence is as infectious as industry. But in this series of sketches, closely-knit, and drawing—with seeming random lines, stipplings, and bits of light and shadow—a picture full of art, of a life so remote from that of the world at large as to be almost unintelligible, Mr. Frisbie has shown real originality and skill. There is ample justification for the statement on the paper jacket that "the author writes as a native and not as a traveller," and that, perhaps, is the foundation of the book's charm for me. The combination of qualities that make such writing possible is rare: imagination, close observation, a feeling for beauty, and a thoroughly pagan point-of-view are some of them. Add to these a long residence among the natives, the ability to learn a difficult language, and a background of education and reading few South Sea traders have, and it will be perceived that the combination is rare indeed. Mr. Frisbie's writing, done with a light touch, full of gusto and undertones of irony, suits the subject well. I am tempted to quote and to single out certain of his sketches for special praise, but I shall refrain. I found no dull page or paragraph, and when I closed the book at last, I realized that I had before me a portrait—a portrait done with odd ironical skill and restraint—of a little pagan land, a pagan white man, and a native population still heathen at heart.

Someone may ask, "Is the likeness good?" Mr. Frisbie's book is anything but an ethnological document, and whether it is strictly true or not seems unimportant to me. But literary hoaxes are the fashion nowadays, and in justice to the author, and for the benefit of the factual-minded, permit me to say that I have known Mr. Frisbie for many years, that he has lived on Puka Puka long enough to make himself the only white man, so far as I know, who speaks the language and knows anything about the place, and that I have met (and found very charming) the young lady he calls "Little Sea,"—his faithful and devoted wife.

As I laid down the book last night and blew out my reading-lamp, I said to myself: "If this isn't true it ought to be, and from what I know of Frisbie, and have heard of Puka Puka, it probably is."



Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, both aces of the Lafayette Escadrille, have continued their friendship, born of the war, on the island of Tahiti where they make their home and collaborate in their work.

South Sea Myths

THE GOLDEN OCTOPUS: Legends of the South Seas. By VISCOUNT HASTINGS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1929.

Reviewed by JAMES NORMAN HALL

IT is to be regretted that a collection of Polynesian legends, similar to this one, could not have been made a century ago. Had there been, on the island of Tahiti or Moorea, in the year 1829 or thereabout, some enlightened, sympathetic European, with a thorough knowledge of native speech and native life, to preserve even a small portion of the rich treasury of folk tales then existing in the minds of the people, his name would now be held in grateful memory by all lovers of things Tahitian. Unfortunately the only observers and recorders of native life at that period comprised a small band of men and women sent out by the London Missionary Society. Their task, to which every other consideration was subsidiary, was to save, at all costs, the souls of the heathen. It must be admitted they accomplished it with appalling success.

But legends which have been handed down, generation after generation from time immemorial, are not easily forgotten, although the fabric of the society which gave rise to them may long since have been destroyed; and even today, among the islands of French Polynesia, there are still a few old men and women who dimly remember some of the mythical tales told them by their grandfathers and great-grandfathers. Eight of these stories have here been collected. They make pleasant and curious reading, but the old pagan spirit of ancient Tahiti, or ancient Moorea, is not in them. Viscount Hastings is not, of course, to be blamed for this. It is no more possible to recapture that spirit, in these days, than it would be to reconstruct, with what fragments remain, Polynesian life as it existed when Captain Wallis first sailed into the Pacific.

Why, then, attempt the impossible? Why gather these scattered fossil remains of a once-living body of folklore? I feel about such efforts as this, as Ralph Hodgson feels about the activities of those who delve in the sand covering the old mother of cities for relics of her material culture:

> If you could bring her glories back!
> You gentle sirs who sift the dust
> And burrow in the mould and must
> Of Babylon for bric-à-brac . . .
> That you cannot; then be done,
> Put the goblet down again,
> Let the broken arch remain,
> Leave the dead men's dust alone.

Young Disillusionment

THE WAKING BIRD. By BARBARA GOOLDEN. New York: The John Day Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

A BOOK that makes no pretense to particular importance, "The Waking Bird" is a delicately done picture of youth upon the dark way toward disenchantment.

In the simplest prose, this young English novelist tells the story of the idyllic first love of the girl and boy, Drusilla and Lou, young and sensitive to beauty; and in stark opposition to it she brings the desperate story of the middle aged passion of Penelope, Lou's fascinating mother. Through these two stories, deftly bound together, Miss Goolden presents the old tragedy of youth, demanding perfection, coming suddenly into maturity in a far from perfect world.

The material which Miss Goolden uses in her novel is largely conventional. Certainly the story is commonplace enough. The characters are familiar upper middle class English people, all of them old friends in old novels. But in this book it is neither story nor character which is the compelling interest but the point of view which Miss Goolden has taken in handling the old material. Without adopting the eyes of any one character through which to see her story, the author sees the whole unfolding of the drama through the eyes of first love. In the reactions of the ecstatic but independent Drusilla and the sensitive and mother-bound Lou, she brings her story to its inevitable tragedy.

Certainly Miss Goolden is sympathetic with the youth which sees its fragile world of perfection shattered. Yet she understands that the middle age which shatters that world is not wantonly cruel but merely bent to its own desires. Young disillusionment is not the only tragedy; there is pain, too, for Penelope who cherishes her son's happiness even as she breaks it.

If "The Waking Bird" is a book that makes no pretense at great wisdom, it is still a book full of wise sympathy.

The Dross of Life

KEPT WOMAN. By VINA DELMAR. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS is good, straightforward reporting, which carries conviction with it. No doubt that is what it is like to be a kept woman, if you are a stupid shop-girl, not even amorous, who have had affairs before, and let yourself be taken up by a fool and his money: a squalid, drudging life at first, a few months of comfortless extravagance while there's still gin to spill and cigarettes to drop, then a life of squalid idleness worse than any work, and in the end, if you are loyal enough to your middled-aged lover, a change to keeping him. No doubt that is what it is like to be what Wycherly calls a "fumbling keeper," if you are a shiftless fool who have sold your business and expect the money to last forever, and are eager to be tempted as quickly as you can. All the squabbling, sponging, lying, drinking oneself sick that goes on among such people are presented with unmerciful vividness.

And yet the impression of the book is disappointing; one wants something more, one hardly knows what. One must fall back on Aristotle; there is nothing in the book, no character, no incident, no emotion, that "has a certain magnitude." Lillian, the heroine, comes nearest to the mark, by virtue of her faithfulness to her helpless protector; but even Lillian, by the extraordinary calmness with which she takes seduction and her childish, uncomprehending delight in the title of "kept woman," shows herself hopelessly shallow. There is still less importance in the other characters and the action. The book appears at first to be upon the theme dear to the Russians, that of incompetents sinking by their own weight, but after all Lillian at the beginning, sharing a flat with two other shop-girls whom she dislikes, and Hubert, living with a wealthy wife who dislikes him, are already so far down that they have little to fear from a fall.

This triviality is more annoying in "Kept Woman" than it would be in a worse book, for this is good enough to give one a sense of power wasted. Mrs. Delmar shows admirable accuracy and irony, but her people are not worth the powder of her accuracy or the shot of her irony.

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Yankee Doodle Dandy

II

MEANWHILE, in London, they were dimly aware
That there was some sort of a rumpus
Going on in one of the colonies.
Just where it was and what it was all about
Was in doubt among the Bucks in the Clubs.
Some said it was in India and Gandhi
Was at the bottom of it. Others said
In Canada, because of the tax on Scotch.
There was a lot of betting about it.
But Charles Fox knew and so did William Pitt.
"Bill," said Fox, "what's your reaction to this
Row in America?" "Not so good, Charlie."
"I'm with you, Bill. I'm for the Yankees.
I bet George Germain a thou they'd win
The Series." "Sure thing they will," said Pitt,
"If his Royal Nibs keeps Germain in charge
Of the War Office. They ought to give
That blighter the bum's rush. He's a washout."

Jabez Wintergreen sat in the stern.
He was trying to steer the boat, but it
Wobbled badly because Washington
And three or four others would stand up
And strike heroic poses, very pretty
In a picture, but bad manners in a boat.
It wasn't easy anyway, because
A lot of baby icebergs crowded around
To get their pictures taken, too, and that
Didn't help matters any. "Dod gast it!"
Said Jabez. "I'm colder'n heck. I wisht
I was to hum with Nancy right now.
Where we goin' at anyhow, General?"
"Across the river, my good man," kindly
Answered the General, and everybody
Laughed but Jabez. He was sore as a boil.
"Thinks he's funny," said Jabez. "Gosh darn it!
"I vow I'm goin' straight hum first chanct I get."

'Twas the night after Christmas and in every house
The Hessians were sunk in a holiday souse.
Colonel Rall, their commander, they'd tucked in his bed
In the hope that by morning he'd sleep off his head.
But the Yankees came down like a wolf on the fold.
Their noses were red and their toeses were cold.
Their fingers were ice, but their hearts were aflame
To teach these dumb Heinies the old army game.
Then out on his lawn there arose such a clatter
Rall sprang from his bed to see what was the matter.
Cried Rall, "Why the shootin'? What mischief you bent on?"
Said George, "We are fighting the Battle of Trenton."
"Dear man," answered Rall "This is quite a surprise.
Everything's in disorder. I'm up to my eyes
In cleaning my house and setting things right,
I'm really not ready to give you a fight.
Would you mind putting off this unpleasant affair
Till I've had just a little more time to prepare?"
"I'm sorry, old chappie," said Washington then,
"I'd be glad to oblige, but must think of my men.
There's been a bad break in all of our stocks
Of clothing and food. We're quite on the rocks.
Our margins are almost as thin as our socks.
Take a look at my men. You can see at a glance
That some have no coats and some have no pants.
I've promised them clothing and food from your hoard.
And so, Colonel Rall, I must ask for your sword."
P. S. He got the sword.

Lord George Germain at Whitehall
By the nine gods he swore
He'd split those Yankee rebels
So they'd unite no more.
By the nine gods he swore it,
Then on the map he drew
A line that ran from north to south,
The Hudson's course from source to mouth,
To split the Yanks in two.

To John Burgoyne in far Quebec
Came orders oversea;
"March south with all thy army.
Meet Howe at Albanee.
Now haste thee, Gentleman Johnny
And fail not George Germain,
Who bids thee now to join with Howe
To split the Yanks in twain."

Then southward sped brave Johnny
And southward drove he fast
And Fort Ticonderoga fell
Before his bugle blast.

He stayed at Saratoga
For the army that was due
To meet him there and then prepare
To split the Yanks in two.
He waited and he waited.
That army never came.
The expedition went to pot
And Gates corralled th' entire lot.
Burgoyne was not to blame.
For he was Johnny-on-the-spot
With laurels on his brow.
The fault's Germain's, for he forgot
To send the word to Howe.

Come all you rounders, if you want to hear
A story about a brave brigadier.
William Howe was the hero's name.
By fighting for King George the Third he won his fame.
He captured New York City and lived in style.
Then looked for a quieter domicile.
"I never get a wink of sleep, going night and day.
I cannot stand the racket, so I'll move away."
William Howe! Never got a wink of sleep.
William Howe! Going night and day.
William Howe! Never got a wink of sleep.
He couldn't stand the racket so he moved away.

"March the soldiers on the ships and get up steam!
Hoist the anchor at the bow and drop down stream!"
First he sailed the ocean south for most a week.
Then he turned to northward in the Chesapeake.
The morning they landed, the bugles blew,
The drums were beaten and the colors flew.
He spoke to all his soldiers, "Now do your level best
We are off to Philadelphia for a good night's rest."
William Howe! He spoke to his soldiers.
William Howe! Do your level best.
William Howe! He spoke to his soldiers.
We're off to Philadelphia for a good night's rest.

Marched his army to the Brandywine.
There he found the Yankees drawn up in line.
Washington says to him. "Here you stop."
He says to Washington, "Sorry, old top,
But I need some sleep and I cannot wait."
Tried to stop him, but he crashed the gate.
Got to Philadelphia and liked it fine.
Everybody sound asleep by half past nine.
William Howe! Got to Philadelphia.
William Howe! Liked it fine.
William Howe! Got to Philadelphia.
Everybody sound asleep by half past nine.

Valley Forge in Winter. Snow, everywhere,
Snowflakes, snowballs, snowstorms, snowdrifts, snowmen
And icicles. Also George Washington,
Frederick William Augustus Henry
Ferdinand, Baron von Steuben, Jabez
Wintergreen and a few others. Hard times.
Hope has long been dead in the heart of Jabez,
But the commander in chief despairs not.

"Steuben, Steuben, I've been thinkin'
What a happy day 'twill be
When I've chased these cursed redcoats
Clear across th' Atlantic sea."

"Georgie porgie, you've been drinkin'.
Such a thing will never be
Till I've turned this ragged rabble
Into well trained soldieree."

"George, there's only one thing can defeat you.
You've got splendid raw material for your job.
I've a very high opinion
Of the Yankee and Virginian,
But you'll never lick an army with a mob.
George, the British army sure will beat you,
Unless you let me train these raw recruits.
Let me put them through their paces,

Teach them military graces.
Let me show them how a regular salutes.
Georgie, don't refuse me, I entreat you.
Such a course is neither prudent nor discreet.
If you do, it can't be doubted
You'll be ultimately routed,
And 'twill be a most calamitous defeat."

George pondered the problem for a moment,
And then gave voice to the following remarks:

"Replying with veracity,
Without undue loquacity,
It's plain to me I must agree.
Undoubtedly you're right.
My men display sagacity,
Audacity, pugnacity.
It's discipline they're lacking in.
Their drilling is a sight.
Though excellent at shooting,
They are rotten at saluting.
Their hair's not oiled, their linen's soiled,
They never crease their pants.
Their necks are rough, their manners rude,
Their conversation's tough and crude.
They never dress for dinner,
And they don't know how to dance.

"So take 'em, Baron Steuben,
And teach 'em all the tricks.
Show 'em how to do 'em.
Parade 'em and review 'em.
Teach the goose-step to 'em.
Keep after 'em, pursue 'em,
Until you've made an army
Of this ragged bunch of hicks."

"Carry on, Baron von Steuben." "'Tention,
"Company! Mark time! March! Right! Left! Right! Left"
Mein Gott! Who is that verdammte dummkopf
In the front rank that don't know right from left?
Wintergreen? Fall out, Private Wintergreen!"

"But, look hyuh, what about the South?
You-all gwine neglect ouah Southe'n chivalry?
Don't we get a look-in on this hyuh wah?
I reckon, if we don't, you-all gwine to heah
Fum the Richmon' *Examiner*. You-all
Know well as we-all that the Mecklenburg
Declaration was way ahead of that theah
Philamudelphia affaih. Done staht
The wah." Steady on, old top. Here we go.

Look away, look away, look away
Down South in Dixie.
They're fightin' down in the land of cotton
Fightin' battles not forgotten.
Sad, sad news from the land of Dixie,
Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!
Prevost and Campbell take Savannah,
Hoist King George's blood red banner.

But now! What's this?
With every man that he could muster
Old Ben Lincoln takes Augusta.
Hooray! Hooray!
Good news from Dixie land.

Look again, look again, look again
Down South in Dixie.
D'Estaing from France and Pulaski's Legion
Bound to conquer all that region.
Glad, glad news from the land of Dixie.
Hooray! Hooray!
Together they attack Savannah.
British win in a handsome manner.
And worse! And worse!
For Clinton beats old Benny Lincoln
Taking Charleston just like winkin'
Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!
Bad news from Dixie land.

"O Nancy dear and did you hear the news that's bein' cried,
The fightin' down in Dixieland is spreadin' far and wide.
Cornwallis beat de Kalb and Gates at Camden, but, they say,
That Morgan and his riflemen at Cowpens won the day.
Though Tarleton finished Sumpter in the fight at Fishing Crick,
Yet Green at Guilford Court House made Cornwallis pretty sick,
And the boys that ride with Pickens and Marion's gallant band
Are chasin' Tories everywhere all over Dixie land.
There ain't much more to this here war, as can be plainly seen
And soon you'll see your loving hubby, Jabez Wintergreen."

CHRISTOPHER WARD.

(To be continued)

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Enduring the Truth

NIETZSCHE once observed that the great question for the future was whether mankind can endure the truth. He himself could often hardly endure the idea that there is a truth at all. Rather than bow in anticipation to so remote and austere an authority, he was accustomed to give the name of truth to any historical vista or any exciting postulate which happened to strike him. Such indeed is the common expedient of those who fear that the truth might prove unendurable. Very few would give up living as they live, simply because they had conceived, in some lucid moment, that it wasn't worth while. The great majority would hasten to cover up that disturbing discovery; and presently they would agree to deny it, and would endow lectureships in which the learned should confirm them in their self-deception. It is by building postulates in the air, by supplementing ignorance, or by reverting to ancient illusions that human science is usually transformed into a comfortable philosophy.

Not so in the recent admirable book of Mr. Walter Lippmann entitled "A Preface to Morals." Here is somebody who confidently believes that mankind can endure the truth; and mankind seems to be gallantly confirming his good opinion, since we are told that his book is selling in America by the hundred thousand. This success is not due to scandal: nothing could be more respectful, more scrupulous, more modest than Mr. Lippmann's sincerity. But he tells us that religion is decayed, and that the whole system of morals founded on religion has lost its authority. That system was not based upon floating sentiment, but upon belief in certain alleged supernatural facts, revealed or legendary; and these alleged facts, for the modern man, have become incredible. Not only does their miraculous quality seem to him fantastic, but their appeal to his heart has become perfunctory. He is not looking for salvation, but for experience; he distrusts authority, and prefers to pick his own way through the world by trial and error. On the other hand we are all compelled to live in a modern medium, under the thousand daily compulsions and contagions involved in business, in politics, in the emancipated life of the individuals of both sexes. No one could be better fitted to write a preface to the morals of this new society than Mr. Lippmann, who is not only a brave philosopher but also the Editor of the New York *World*. It would be interesting to hear what he foresees will be the ruling passions, favorite pleasures, and dominant beliefs of mankind, when the hitherto adventurous selfish human animal has become thoroughly socialized, mechanized, hygienic, and irreligious. In this book we learn little of this, save that love and marriage may still, sometimes, remain associated. The author rises at once from the ruins of Christianity into the empyrean; and what he sketches for us is not so much a system of moral economy for the coming age as an ultimate and ancient attitude of the spirit which he calls "high religion" and which he identifies, somewhat surprisingly, with domestication or incorporation of the individual's life in the world's work. He finds that the modern organization of industry, politics, and science is so vast as to smother and exclude private ambitions and arbitrary dogmas. It is organic, impersonal, socialistic: it demands and fosters in the good workman "maturity, detachment, and disinterestedness." Business has become a science, science has become a life, and greedy men are not fit for big business. "Knowledge is subdivided among the executives and bureau chiefs and consultants, all of them on salary; each of them is so relatively small a factor in the whole that his personal success . . . is bound up with the success of the institution." He is "compelled to adjust his own preferences to the preferences of others, and he becomes a relatively disinterested person." "The old distinction between public and private interest becomes very dim." "In laboratories the habit of disinterested realism in dealing with the data is the indispensable habit of mind." "Power is distributed and qualified so that power is exerted not by command but by interaction." "The real law in the modern state is the multitude of little decisions made daily by millions of men." There is an irresistible "social equilibrium" produced by all these tensions, pulling and drawing the fluid democracy in some total resultant direction. Woe to the laggard, woe to the shirker, woe to him who is not willing cheerfully to do his bit, and to share the general enthusiasm and the general well-being.

* * *

Even those of us who have known America only in an earlier and less standardized phase of its history may recognize the truth of this description. Producers produce, inventors invent, advertisers advertise, the public is coaxed when it is not stampeded, new needs are created, luxury spreads, phrases, ideas, and enthusiasms sweep over the well-rooted but pliable nation like summer winds over a field of corn. Everybody pushes, and everybody yields to pressure; but as the pusher is one and those pushing him are many millions, his ultimate movement is in God's hands rather than his own. Now this predicament, with which most people put up good-naturedly so long as, on the whole, they are prosperous, seems to Mr. Lippmann most favorable to "high religion." It involves a continual surrender of childish wishes and arbitrary ideas. "The insight of high religion into disinterestedness," he writes, "will, if pursued resolutely, . . . make plain what we are really driving at . . . and how to proceed about achieving it." And he even adds: "It is no exaggeration to say that pure science is high religion incarnate." What does this mean? Let us grant the continuity of moral discipline, from our first contact with matter and with the will of others in the nursery, up to the last renunciation of the spirit in the presence of death, of mutation, of the weakness of our squirming and wordy knowledge, lighting its way like a phosphorescent fish through a sea of ignorance. I should be the last to deny that this discipline may ultimately turn our eyes and perhaps our affections towards the empyrean, towards a realm of truth overarching all the revolutions of existence, or even beyond the truth, to an infinite realm of unrealized essence. But such ultimate reaches of contemplation lie at the antipodes to a preface to morals: they form rather an epilogue to all possible moralities and all possible religions. They engage only an abstracted and sublimated function of human nature. In them the pure intellect is divorced as far as possible from the service of the will—divorced, therefore, from affairs and from morality; and love is divorced as far as possible from human objects, and becomes an impersonal and universalized delight in being. Far from guiding human morality, these ultimate insights are in danger of subverting it. Your pure mathematician, like your pure musician, in all the residue of his mind, may be irritable, lecherous, and half-idiotic; your superior monster may be intellectually quite scientific and impersonal, and may publicly exhibit himself with composure, saying: That is *how* I am: such is my psychology. For this reason prudent churches are compelled to denounce as diabolical all "high religion" not founded on their orthodox creed and morality. As to the natural basis and rational principle of morals Mr. Lippmann himself is perfectly clear. "All enquiry," he tells us, "into the foundations of morals turns ultimately upon whether man can achieve happiness by pursuing his desires or whether he must first learn to desire the kind of happiness which is possible." Wise men "do not assume that reality must conform to human nature. The problem for them is wholly practical. It is the problem of how to remove evil, and how to bear the evil which cannot be removed. The conduct which the moralist advocates is not an arbitrary pattern to which vitality must submit, but that which vitality itself would choose if it were clearly understood." Human nature in the individual is accordingly autonomous. It may find or establish points of support outside, in material forces or in what we call the arts: society, science, and cooperative industry may supply special fields or special instruments for the exercise of human faculty; and since human nature is variable and subject to education, these ambient influences may modify the character of certain men: for instance, family pride and military vanity may recede; the Cavalier may become the Quaker; or a pantheistic meekness and a corporate loyalty may take the place of patriotism or of religious zeal. But the appeal of these new sanctities must still be to the individual heart. If pure science or social equilibrium or the blind multiplication, complication, and acceleration of business took the bit in their teeth, and imposed themselves on the human soul otherwise than in its own interest, they would be nothing but insufferable pests and new embodiments of Moloch. I am sure that Mr. Lippmann would not maintain the opposite; yet I can't help distrusting the apparent alliance of his "high religion" with the material pressure of these undirected powers.

Man might be destined to exterminate all the other animals, yet the truth would remain that many species, each marvellously endowed with its own virtue, had once flourished by devouring one another. The same competition of forms might still subsist in the moral life of man, the sole survivor of that zoological conflict. Perhaps here, too, one type of civilization might exterminate all the rest; yet the truth would remain that many other types had once been possible and perhaps very beautiful. This is a truth which moralists find it hard to endure: it might become positively inconceivable to them if they actually succeeded in killing all naughty or rebellious or differently virtuous impulses in their own bosoms. But this is seldom the case; strait-jackets do not reform human anatomy. Sooner or later a revolt breaks out against the dominant harmony, dubiously established by the suppression of half of human nature. Here an individual and there a band will be found ready to perish rather than continue subject to the social equilibrium. In this way those who cannot endure the truth of moral relativity in their philosophy are soon compelled to endure the proof of it in their own lives, startled and challenged by a new cry of the human conscience. The drift of circumstances which once created their victory is bound to change its direction, and some fresh system of morals, perhaps sharper and more deliberately chosen than their own, will rear its head against them. Yet I believe that even moralists might easily endure the truth about morals if they would only face it; because the zest and precision of natural life, which are the blood of morals, have physical sources, and they lose nothing, save their absurd intellectual discourtesy, by discovering that they are relative and specific. The virility and chivalry of virtue lie precisely in being inflexibly true to oneself, although all other people may be different, and one might have been different too. I commend this reflexion to those who feel safe in their ethics and politics if they think they are swimming with the tide—a form of cowardice peculiarly modern and peculiarly short-sighted. Tides will turn, and even at the flood they are not the foundation of the human good, nor the criterion of it. The foundation, like the criterion, is in the heart.

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by George Santayana

A Footnote to Santayana

By Walter Lippmann

THE Editor of *The Saturday Review* has granted me the dangerous privilege of talking back to my teacher, and as I start to do so I am filled once more with the nervous excitement which pervaded the yard at Cambridge one day twenty years ago. Mr. Santayana had been lecturing on the infinite realm of unrealized essence in which love, divorced as far as possible from human objects, becomes an impersonal and universalized delight in being. One of us, who shall, so far as I am concerned, be forever anonymous, had caught the drift of the argument but had lost all sense of the proprieties, and instead of taking lecture notes was drawing a picture. His pride in the picture impelled him to pass it to his neighbor who promptly passed it down the aisle, causing enough commotion to recall Mr. Santayana from the realm of essence. When the scandal was exposed, it turned out to be a picture of the platonic heaven with philosophical angels sitting on banks of clouds, and in the middle of them Mr. Santayana with his hat and cane. Mr. Santayana had arrived in heaven to congratulate the angels on their perfection.

When I say that this drawing seemed to me a bold and presumptuous performance, it will perhaps explain why even today, in reading Mr. Santayana's comment on my book, I was so impressed that I almost believed that in some fit of incredible absent-mindedness I had said what he seems to think I said. For certainly in my lucid moments I do not believe that the blind multiplication, complication, and acceleration of business is favorable to what for lack of a better name I have called "high religion"—that maturity of desire which enables a man to transcend the feeling that life is centered upon himself, and to sympathize with its purposes, though at first they are not his own. I do not believe in "the apparent alliance" of "high religion" with "the material pressure of these undirected powers." I would not only distrust such an alliance, as Mr. Santayana does; I would regard it as a nonsensical contradiction. For what would be more absurd than to suppose that the blind push of undirected capitalism would in some automatic way discipline and re-educate the human personality?

Far from believing in the beneficence of the blind push of undirected forces, I believe that "the true function of the moralist in an age when usage is unsettled is what Aristotle who lived in such an age described it to be: "to promote good conduct by discovering and explaining the mark at which things aim . . . and if he is to deserve a hearing from among his fellows he must set himself this task which is so much humbler than to command and so much more difficult than to exhort: he must seek to anticipate and to supplement the insight of his fellow men into the problems of their adjustment to reality. He must find ways to make clear and ordered and expressive those concerns which are latent but overlaid and confused by their preoccupations and misunderstandings." In saying that the function of the moralist is to discover and explain the mark at which things aim, I certainly did not mean that it was his function to discover which way the tide was running and to swim with it. "The mark at which things aim" is not where the blind push of undirected forces will carry them. The mark is that which things must hit if the promise of their most desirable possibilities is to be fulfilled.

Therefore, in discussing the evolution of capitalism what I meant to say, and what I think I wrote, is that the more perfectly we understand the *implications* of the machine technology upon which our civilization is based, the more clearly we shall realize that *"if it is to fulfil itself"* it must, because of its immense complexity, evolve towards guidance by men who in respect to industry have become disinterested. I do not prophecy that capitalism will evolve in this fashion or that it will fulfil itself. It may be, as Mr. Santayana suggests, that the present type of civilization will be exterminated. All I say is that if the present type of civilization *is* to fulfil itself it will have to recognize as its ideal pattern of conduct the distinterestedness of the mature and self-disciplined leader.

I recognize, and I think I said at length (Chapter X), that the "ultimate and ancient attitude of the spirit" has not hitherto in the experience of mankind been consistent with the "incorporation of the individual's life in the world's work." For the world's work, hitherto, has been managed by hierarchical groups of men, and this grouping did not require among those who directed the work of the world the qualities of the mature and disinterested man. Therefore, this ancient and ultimate attitude of the spirit was the possession of the few who in one way or another were divorced from the world and had, as Mr. Santayana once said, "felt bound to build themselves a super-structure but to quit the ground floor—materially, if possible, by leading a monastic life, religiously in any case by not expecting to find much except weeping and wailing in this vale of tears."

If it is true, as I think it is, that the impact of modernity is dissolving the hierarchical grouping, and compelling the individual to live autonomously, then "the ancient and ultimate attitude of the spirit" may cease to be eccentric to the work of the world and may become central. I have some notion that this is the significance of the moral revolution amidst which we live.

George Santayana, author of the foregoing article which takes its point of departure from Walter Lippmann's recently published "A Preface to Morals," is both philosopher and man of letters. A bright light of the Havrard philosophical faculty when to shine was to compete with William James, Royce, and Münsterberg, Mr. Santayana's repute was made first as a teacher. In 1896 *he published his first scientific work, "The Sense of Beauty," which Münsterberg declared the best American contribution to esthetics; thereafter he published in succession "Interpretations of Poetry and Religion." The five volumes of his impressive study, "The Life of Reason," "Scepticism and Animal Faith," and "Reals of Essence." Together with these philosophical works he produced volumes of poetry and essays, all of them marked by beauty of thought and execution. Mr. Santayana has for many years lived abroad, commanding there as well as in his own country the admiration of his peers.*

Of Walter Lippmann, editor of the New York World *and author of several books, it is unnecessary to write at length since his articles previously published in the* Saturday Review *speak more eloquently for him than could the editors' words. He was, as his article indicates, a pupil of Santayana in his Harvard days, days during which his fellow-students recognized the eminent abilities which have since been proved.*

Looking Backward

GRANDMOTHER BROWN'S HUNDRED YEARS. By Harriet Connor Brown. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by Dorothy Canfield Fisher

IN these memories from a hundred years of American middle-western life, we meet two women; one, set full in the center of the stage. Grandmother Brown, not remarkable in any way among home-keeping American women of her period, save for her extraordinary physical vitality; the other, her daughter-in-law who set down on paper these rambling memories of her husband's aged mother. With the firm self-control of a mature personality the younger woman keeps herself in the background, barely discernable back of the centenarian whose eyes she is directing upon a century of life. But all her self-effacement cannot hide the fact that she must have a finely discriminating mind, as unusual as her mother-in-law's was common and typical. Above all, an honest mind, not to have shaped and trimmed into more obvious picturesqueness and drama these plain simple annals of a plain simple American wife and mother. The daughter-in-law has even had the courage to leave them in places rather dull, and in so doing has perfectly preserved the proportions of the personality presented in these pages.

I have rarely read a book purporting to give an account of what life has meant to some human being, which seemed to me as little posed and arranged as this. That Grandmother Brown's discontent with the first house her husband built for them after their marriage, because it had possessed no way up into the attic space and had seven outdoor doors, for six rooms, has lasted for eighty years, fresh and emotional, while of the great national and world events of that particular period no trace is to be seen in her memory—that is an illuminating touch in the portrait of a typical nineteenth century woman of her class. An untypical one is portrayed in her strong-minded Massachusetts mother-in-law for whose queer ways of "reading the papers in the afternoon" and arguing politics with the men, she felt a vaguely intimidated, half-disapproving, yet generously half-admiring surprise.

* * *

Her own portrait is painted with wonderful accuracy, stroke upon inimitable stroke of truth, trivial, sweet, bitter, poignant, commonplace, heroic her loving memory of the four pieces of furniture she bought in her youth, ("the candle-stand had a bird's-eye maple drawer with cherry knobs"), her interminable reminiscences of the babyhood of each of her eight children, the lasting bitterness of her resentment against her fondly loved husband because he would not give his children and hers "advantages," and because fifty-seven years before he had not acknowledged her half-ownership in the money from the sale of a farm on which she had worked as hard as he. Her dyeing her hair because her last baby came when she was forty-three and she was ashamed of her age, the transference of her personality into that of her children, occasional returns, always so thrilling to the mother—there is not a page of the book that does not inform us far more intimately and authoritatively than any fiction, as to what was the current type among our lovable, staunch, limited provincial, devoted grandmothers.

The greatest value of the book is that Grandmother Brown was not an unusual personality; but it must have taken a most unusual one to appreciate and protect this value in the book which is the record of her life.

The revised Index of the Roman Catholic Church, published recently, apart from its new preface appears to contain only two innovations. All d'Annunzio's works published since 1925, when the last Index appeared, are included, also the journal, *Action Française*. The Index is a document of 563 pages, but, of course, it only includes works especially brought to the notice of the Vatican.

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Books of Special Interest

The Last Stuart

ALAS, QUEEN ANNE. By BEATRICE CURTIS BROWN. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1929. $4.

Reviewed by BARTLET BREBNER

IT is hard to decide whether it was an advantage or a disadvantage to choose Anne Stuart as a subject for fictionalized biography. The poor, stupid woman was so negligible a person before she became Queen that it is difficult to dredge up out of an indifferent past much that is significant about her, although not so difficult as the author of this book would have her readers believe. Yet the consequence is that a biographer with temerity and the encouragement offered by our present appetite for pseudo-historical portraits, can present almost any picture of Anne before 1688 that he wishes. Of course the aim will be to paint an imaginary portrait not too unlike the Anne who worried William and Mary and finally ruled in their place. The fact remains, however, that even after Anne was drawn into public ken by her mere blood-right of inheritance, she proved to be so incapable and chicken-headed a nonentity that then and since she was and has been regarded as an incalculable living organism whose continued breath alone stood between a divided nation and the distresses that division breeds.

Having chosen so difficult, or so easy, a subject, Miss Brown has done a good piece of portraiture. She manages to sustain interest in the life and career of her subject quite remarkably. In fact she almost succeeds in concealing the horrid truth—namely, that Anne was "a person of no importance" except in terms of the drama of her times. She was the bridge, or perhaps better the temporal stop-gap, between the commercial and imperial England that only one of the Stuart would-be despots understood, and the even more commercial and imperial England that finally imported alien kings from Hanover as mere constitutional conveniences. Anne was thus queen at a time when all her Stuart instincts craved for a miracle to revive the divine hereditary right of kings, but when those instincts had only death and exile to feed on. Miss Brown makes this personal tragedy her theme, but fails to bring its deep causes up into appropriate relief.

The book, then, is a quietly consistent and convincing revelation of a perpetually befuddled and thwarted woman, who happened to be a queen. The tragedy of her life was completed by the fact that she could bear children, but children who could not live. In this account of her life there are a few slight historical errors, such as a too-early introduction of the theories of the exiled Locke, but in general the imaginary history, the "decorated," and the documented, do not seriously offend. One question remains. Why, after all, should we give our time and attention to ghost-like and imaginary wraiths on the surface of the mirror of history when the active underlying forces are brought to life for us and the whole deep perspective of the times receives such effective treatment as it does in the brilliant and dramatic "England under the Stuarts" of G. M. Trevelyan? That living historian recreates Anne's life-time more fully and satisfyingly than Miss Brown and he does so with no less interest or literary charm. There are some expert historians who can write as well as interpret. Why should we not rediscover them before we offer too hearty encouragement to mere novelty? Then we might give such books as Miss Brown's the place they deserve, in this case tribute to a well-written personal history of a nonentity.

A Negro Musician

BORN TO BE. By TAYLOR GORDON. New York: Covici-Friede. 1929. $4.

Reviewed by R. EMMET KENNEDY

IT isn't often that one finds an autobiography written with the unaffected simplicity and childlike frankness found in Taylor Gordon's "Born To Be." Seemingly aware of the fact that every experience has its place in the varied scheme of character building, he sees no reason for withholding any incident of his extraordinary life, however sordid or sensual it might appear.

Throughout the ever-changing narrative the surprised reader cannot help being impressed by the spontaneity and honesty of a mind endeavoring to reveal its homely story precisely as it came about. Unlike many artists who have climbed to success and have made a conspicuous place for themselves in the world of music and letters, Taylor Gordon speaks of his lowly beginning and early struggles with admirable candor and unrestraint. One is conscious of his deep feeling of pride in his humble origin and African heritage when he speaks of his Zulu father, and tells of his mother who was born a slave on a Kentucky plantation, and of her brave efforts to support her children after her husband's death.

It was Taylor Gordon's unique good fortune to be a member of the only colored family living in the little Montana town where he was born. His schooldays, passed with white companions, were untroubled and happy; and his mind remaining free from all feeling of race-consciousness enabled him in after years to approach his own people and study their characteristics in a manner far different than if he had always lived among them in close intimacy.

Starting to work at an early age, he tells of his experiences as a page in the questionable house presided over by Big Maude, a blonde-haired daughter of joy who claimed relationship to English nobility. Growing tired of the hectic life and small town opportunities, he tried his luck as a chauffeur in St. Paul; then as a cook on the private car of the Ringling Brothers circus; next as a Pullman porter; then at various other things, until he finally arrived in New York City and began to consider music as his real calling. Keen observation and a humorous outlook add much to the telling of the unusual episodes.

A regrettable feature of this entertaining book is that so large a portion is devoted to amorous escapades and dallyings with the "lustful heathen maid" and so little attention is given to Taylor's musical beginnings and early interest in song. Coming of a race naturally endowed with melodic sense and vocal equipment, it is surprising that his interest in the art of song was not wholly awakened until he was twenty-two years old,—if one is to rely on his own statement. He speaks with admiration of his mother's voice and the songs she sang. Were these the same moving, melancholy spirituals which he is conceded to interpret with such depth of feeling and understanding?—melodies that never had to be learned but were a part of his being from earliest childhood?

After having read the unique account and reflected on its merits as an important contribution to literature, one finds oneself asking if the patronizing foreword by Carl Van Vechten and the introduction by Muriel Draper are not unduly ecstatic. As for Covarrubias's illustrations, they reflect so strongly the elements of travesty and burlesque that they are wholly out of keeping with a story that is presented in all seriousness.

Greek Poets

HELLENISTIC POETRY. By ALFRED KÖRTE. Translated by JACOB HAMMER and MOSES HADAS. Columbia University Press. 1929. $4.

KÖRTE'S "Hellenistische Dichtung" appeared in 1925. In the preface he says:

This little book is intended not for scholars, but for the wider circle of readers who can appreciate poetry even when it is presented in a foreign garb. . . . Every educated person is bound by a thousand ties to classical Greek poetry; everyone is more or less familiar with its outstanding works, e. g., Homer and Greek tragedy. The greater part of classical Greek poetry is available in translations, often of high excellence. But the layman's knowledge of Hellenistic poetry is practically nil; even classical scholars have too long treated that branch of poetry as a stepchild. It was due only to the papyrus discoveries of the last generation, which measurably increased our store of Hellenistic poetry, that scholarship was aroused to a more active interest in this field.

As there is no adequate history of Hellenistic literature in English, this translation will be welcomed as affording a convenient résumé of our knowledge of this period.

Professor Körte gives a critical estimate of the leading Greek poets from the death of Alexander to the reign of Augustus, with outlines of their principal works illustrated by copious extracts in verse translation. In rendering these selections the translators have availed themselves generally of existing English translations, only exceptionally giving us a new version. Professor Körte is thorough and sound in his work, but is hardly a penetrating critic. There are no brilliant flashes of inspiration such as illumine the pages of Mackail's "Latin Literature." It must be said that he works with ungrateful material; apart from Theocritus and a few writers of the Anthology, no Hellenistic poet appeals to the modern taste. As a result the book, though useful to the student of literature, is rather dull.

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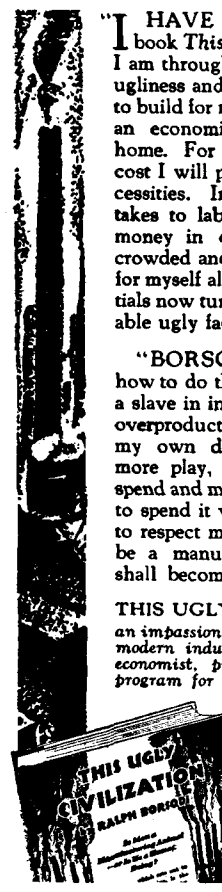

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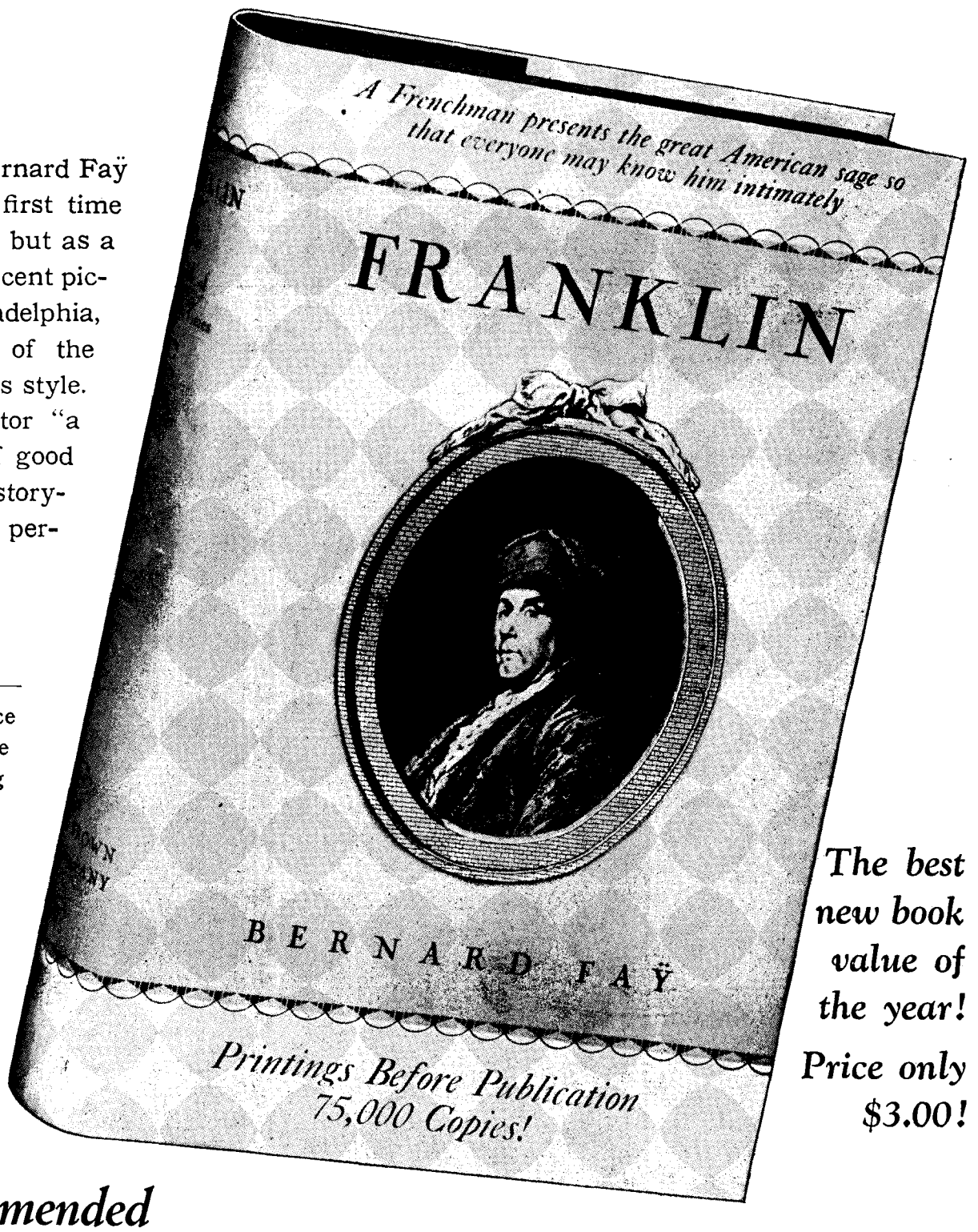
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Books of Special Interest

High Adventure

ENDS OF THE EARTH. By ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1929. $4.50.

Reviewed by L. J. ROBBINS

THE American Museum of Natural History, with an ideal of objective education in pursuit of which far corners of the world have been ransacked for trophies, has produced in recent years a notable company of scientist explorers, not the least of whom is Roy Chapman Andrews. "Ends of the Earth" is a personal record of his life. The book was written hurriedly on trains and ships and a part of it even on an aeroplane; consequently, as might be expected, the construction is loose and spasmodic, and there are few pretensions to literary graces. But it is vivid and has a most admirable flavor of action and adventure. In days when booksellers' shelves are overflowing with the travels of mediocrity, it strikes an authentic note.

The author's name is usually linked with whales and dinosaurs. A dead whale stranded on the coast of Long Island actually gave him his first chance to prove his worth to the Museum, where until then he had not been above occasionally scrubbing floors. He was ordered to bring in the skeleton, which in spite of storms and lack of assistance he did, every bone. The account is modest, but it strikes a keynote—a quiet efficiency which was to triumph over all difficulties in many hard and dangerous places for genuine love of the "museum game." At that time, some twenty years ago, there was surprisingly little first-hand scientific information about whales. Probably the hardships necessary to obtain it had daunted most observers. So Mr. Andrews offered to visit the Alaskan whaling stations to find out more, and thus began a long and arduous research which soon made him a recognized authority. The whaling chapters of the book are admirable, in places as intimate with leviathan as "Moby Dick." You meet Alaskan whales, Japanese whales, and the lost California gray whale rediscovered off Korea; whale fighting, whales at play, and amorous whales, set in the background drawn by a gifted observer. The author is a scientist who can discard his technicalities and still be accurate.

There were occasional interludes. He wandered for a few months among the wilder islands of the East Indies; in Korea he crossed the unexplored jungle to the south of the Paik-to-san mountain, and on the Pribilof islands in the Behring Sea he photographed seals.

Then after ten years acquaintance he felt that he had done his duty by whales. He began to be attracted by Central Asia, which for many reasons is perhaps the most interesting part of the world for the study of the origins of life. With the consent of the Museum authorities, he set out on a collecting journey which would prepare him for a greater project he had in mind. He went from Shanghai to Foochow and thence through Yunnan to the little known Lolo country on the borders of Tibet. He crossed the Yangtse and the Mekong, where those great rivers run within a few miles of each other, into Burma, and ventured into the poisonous Salween valley. This was a satisfying trip; though perhaps lacking the heroic quality of journeys made by such men as Younghusband and Savage Landor, it must be remembered that Andrews's first concern was collecting rather than exploration.

In 1919 he made a second journey in Mongolia along the Kalgan-Urga trail. He has much of interest to say about the Mongol tribesmen of the great plains whose manner of life leads to a survival only of the strong; he thinks they must still be as hardy as the hordes of Genghiz Khan. And there is a strange sidelight on the Living Buddha of Urga, who gave faithful pilgrims shocks from the batteries of his motor car.

Then on his return to New York he broached the great scheme which placed his name in the front page headlines of the newspapers for a time—a series of expeditions of a magnitude never attempted before to the grim Gobi desert, to try to reconstruct the whole past history of the Central Asian plateau, which, according to Professor Osborn's theory, was the incubating region for the land life of Europe and America. It was a bold project, a gamble faced with the possibility of completely negative results; but he backed his experience against many adverse opinions. With the Museum behind him, only finance stood in the way; so to show his versatility Mr. Andrews proceeded to raise a quarter of a million dollars. The expeditions have been described already in "On the Trail of Ancient Man," but it is a pity that a brief description of them was not included in the present book, even at the risk of some repetition, to round off the finish. As it is, it comes to a halt in mid-career. After the excitement of the preparations, we are given nothing but a trivial and disjointed account of social life in Peking during the civil wars, and a loyal but unnecessary chapter on the Museum of Natural History.

The rest of the book deserved a better ending. Yet "Ends of the Earth" should not be missed. Now that the unexplored parts of the world are shrinking so rapidly, Mr. Andrews has had adventures of outstanding quality.

Coöperative Friendship

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES. By HUGH L. KEENLEYSIDE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $4.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

THIS volume is exceedingly well arranged, excellently written, meticulously documented, and beautifully printed. It inspires respect. But it is not exciting.

There have been a number of times when there was excitement between the United States and Canada. They have actually made war upon each other and war has been discussed at other times when it did not materialize. I doubt if the lack of excitement in the book is due, primarily at least, to the method of presentation. I suspect that it is due rather to the fact that Canada in most aspects of her life is so similar to the United States that her story possesses no exotic thrills and to the further fact that the United States is so overwhelmingly more powerful that, to the mind of the present-day American citizen at least, our relations with her can give no cause for serious concern.

It is just this attitude of superior unconcern on the part of the republic which Mr. Keenleyside has most helpfully analysed. And he has done it with hardly a trace of antipathy or bitterness. Years of residence in this country have convinced him that the American attitude toward Canada results from the fact that Canada is but one of a dozen countries of equal interest to us and that there is little to bring home to Americans the tremendous preponderance of the United States in Canada's life.

All through the book runs this contrast, growing in significance as we approach modern times. In the early years of the republic Canada was practically a hostile nation due to the migration of thousands of Loyalist families after the Revolution. The division of opinion which was marked in the colonies on the question of loyalty to the British crown, became a geographical division after independence was achieved. There was not, however, a complete exchange of populations on the basis of political opinion. Tories went to Canada in great numbers but so did republicans and it has taken more than a century for us to get over the idea that Canada was destined to become a part of the United States and that we should be doing a favor to Canadians by freeing them from British rule and admitting them to the blessings of our own government.

Starting with the Tory antipathy which held Canada to Britain during the years of national infancy, there is a progressive amelioration of her relations with the United States, a growing desire on the part of the Canadians to be friendly in spite of repeated rebuffs due to the selfishness, the thoughtlessness, and the sheer unconcern of the Americans. This one-sided friendliness has continued down into the very present and by far the most interesting chapter of Mr. Keenleyside's book is the last one on "The World War and Post-War Relations." He brings out with great skill how, in spite of all the good will in the world on both sides and actual association in the conflict, there resulted more feeling against the United States than at any time during the hundred years of peace. But because the governmental officials concerned understood the real situation and because of the machinery which has been devised for a prompt and effective solution of problems as fast as they arise, foremost among which is the International Joint Commission, this unfortunate condition is rapidly being improved. Canada and the United States, treating each other with respect, the ghost of annexation forever laid, and with reasonable consideration of each other's economic needs, are in a position to give the world an example of coöperative friendship between nations.

The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing

EARLY HISTORY OF ASSYRIA TO 1000 B.C. By SIDNEY SMITH. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1929. $12.

Reviewed by A. T. OLMSTEAD

University of Chicago

BYRON'S ringing description of the Assyrian wolf will probably influence the popular conception of the Assyrians for years to come. There was excuse, if not reason, for the poet's description. Assyria destroyed the kingdom of Israel and attacked Judah. Many of the finest passages in the prophetic writings are bitter diatribes against the Assyrians. With the decipherment of the official records of Assyrian monarchs, the same picture of calculated frightfulness was revealed.

Curiously enough, no historian of Assyria until recent days attempted to test the truth of this traditional picture. This is the more surprising since Jewish rejoicings over the coming fall of tyrant Babylon were even more savage than those directed against Assyria, while the memory of the captivity in Egypt colored the whole Hebrew literature with an anti-Egyptian tinge. Yet modern historians of these countries have been free to prove Egyptians and Babylonians as far superior to the wicked Assyrians!

Sidney Smith is not the first, as a recent reviewer claimed, to give the Assyrian his due. Six years ago, in his "History of Assyria," the present writer broke with preceding tradition and showed the Assyrian as he was. As an imperialist, he was no worse, just as he was no better, than the other peoples of antiquity. He did know the value of producing an impression of frightfulness, and he lied so successfully about his victories that modern historians have been regularly deceived. Checked by non-propagandist sources, business documents, letters, appeals to his gods, we learn that many of these boasted successes were actual defeats, that during much of his rule he was fighting a desperate, and finally a losing, contest for his very existence. Seen in the light of these non-official documents, the Assyrian stands out as a man exceedingly like ourselves.

Smith explains and defends the Assyrians from a different angle. To his notion, the Assyrians were primarily traders, and their every action must find its explanation in terms of economics. From a brief perusal of his pages, one would gather that he accepted wholesale the Marxian interpretation of history. That interpretation was born in the nineteenth century and was definite reaction to and against capitalism as it was then understood. Few present-day historians would accept the Marxian interpretation in its entirety.

This is not to deny an economic element in history, even the most ancient. But we must first eliminate those elements which, often called economic, are in reality biological, such as the need for personal sustenance and the propagation of and care for the coming generation. We must realize that there were checks to the efficient operation of so-called economic laws, in religious, social, and political customs, which exerted far more of a controlling influence in the early Orient than they do to-day. Finally, we must recognize that we cannot transfer to this ancient Orient our modern economic conditions and our modern economic thought without losing ourselves in a tangle of errors. The true economic history of the Orient yet remains an almost untouched field of investigation.

The none too great material for the economic history of Assyria has been presented in the reviewer's "History of Assyria." One thing is sufficiently clear,—like the early Romans the Assyrian leaders were not particularly interested in trade and commerce. As in Rome, agriculture was the one form of economic life in which aristocrats could indulge. Such interest as rulers took in trade routes was for the sake of the tribute and not for the commercial opportunities.

It is to be feared that Mr. Smith's book will not make a popular appeal in spite of its many good points. Footnotes are relegated to the rear, but the text itself is so filled with detailed discussions of disputed points that the general reader is constantly in danger of losing his way. Illustrations are numerous, good, and generally new. The price of the volume is twelve dollars, and at least one more is to follow. It is a devoted lover of Assyria who will pay so large a sum for so tangled a story.

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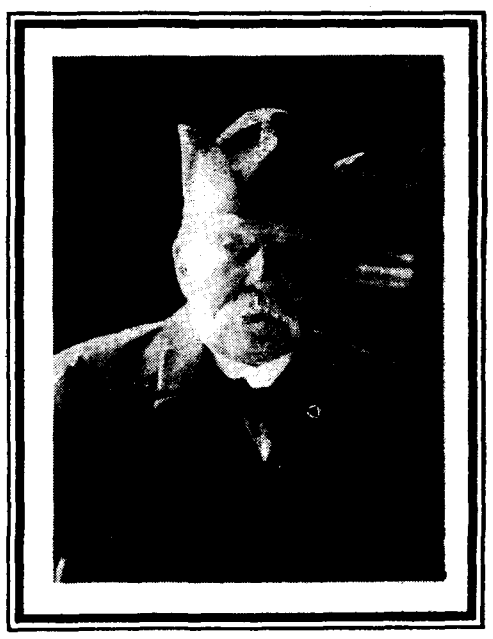

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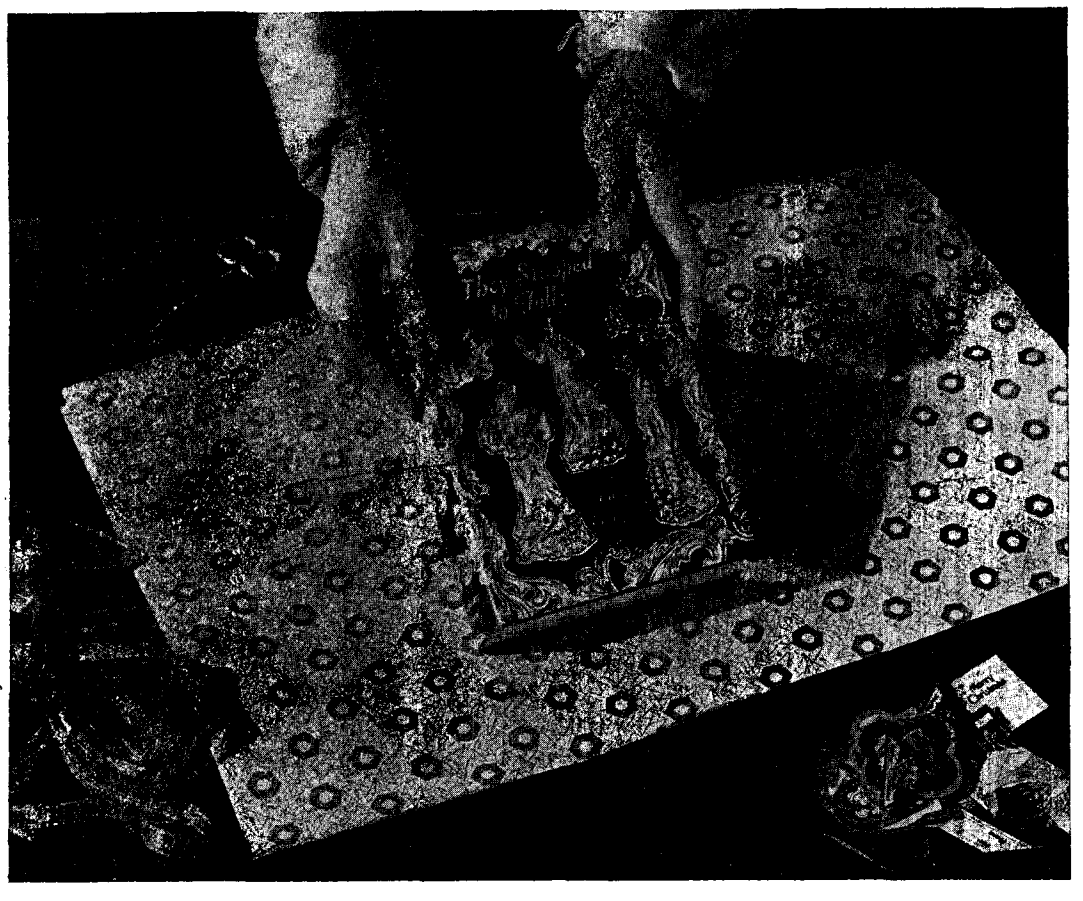

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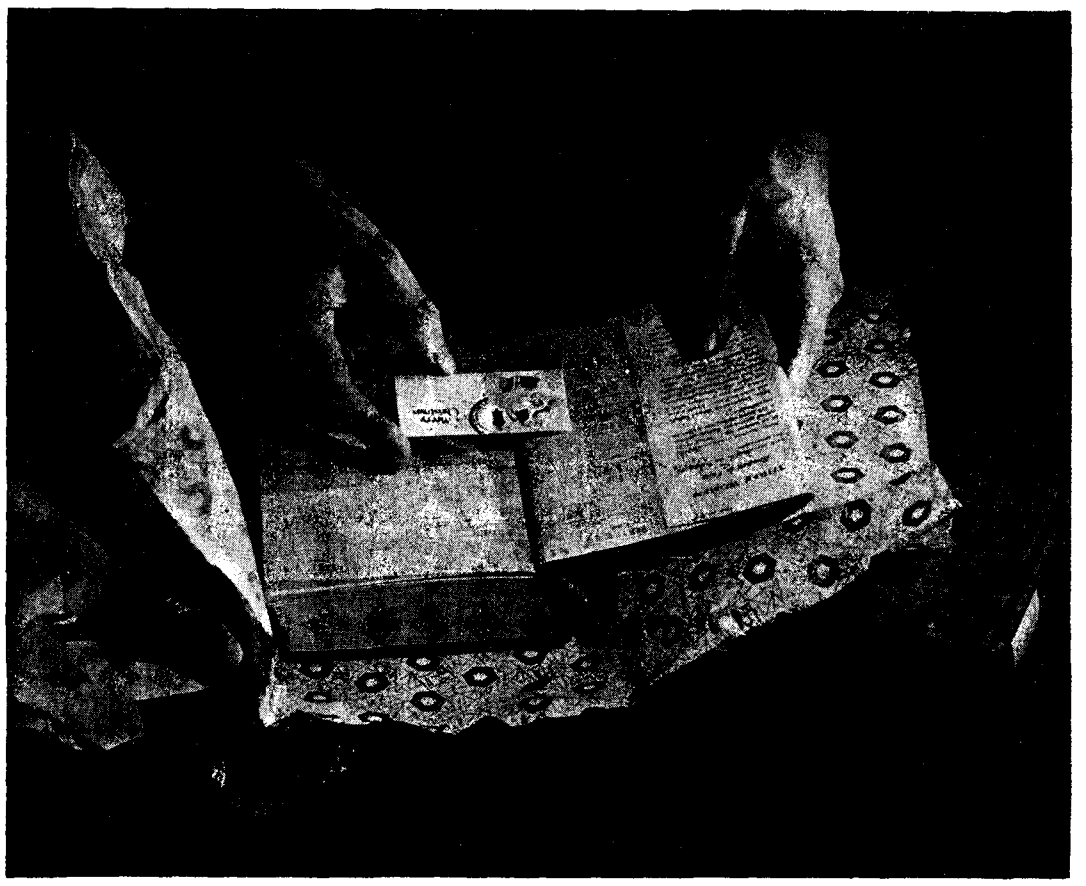

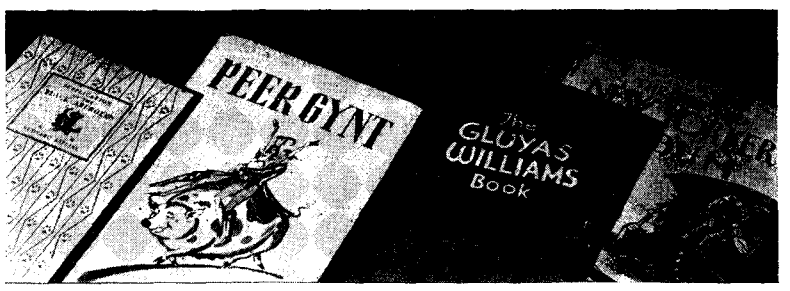

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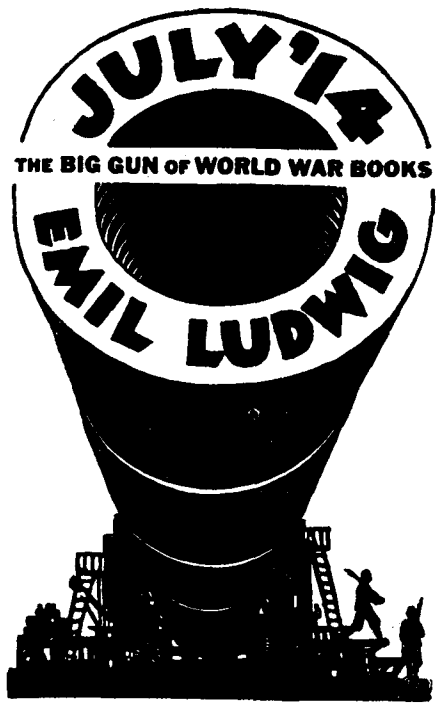

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Some Recent Fiction

Eerie Art

DR. KRASINSKI'S SECRET. By M. P. SHIEL. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

M. P. SHIEL has been writing for thirty years. For many of these years he has been known to a small group in England and America. This is the group that rather makes a cult of discovering and appreciating the unusual, and preferably the sinister, in art and letters. But the general public has, until recently, gone on quite unaware of this dealer in the black magic of words whose strange horrors multiply upon his pages as if spawned by some very Leviathan of the macabre.

With the publication, two years ago, of "How the Old Woman Got Home," Mr. Shiel emerged from his exclusive obscurity and became an author to be recommended by one mystery story addict to another. No one apparently bothered to go back and read the long list of the author's already published works, but when a new novel was announced the crime-story public was delighted; after reading the novel the same public was a little confused. For "Dr. Krasinski's Secret" is as heterogeneous a compendium of the factual and the fantastic, the probable and the impossible, the convincing and the ridiculous as has been bound between covers since the days when Gothic romances curdled the blood of female England.

A plot, several plots in fact, might be easily abstracted from "Dr. Krasinski's Secret," but to do this in a review would be to falsify the book, because, in the reading, it is always chaotic detail and fantastic character of which one is aware. It is true that the story hinges upon Dr. Krasinski's "bringing about" the deaths of two young men and then marrying their sister. But what strikes the reader is the fact that the doctor manages the deaths by placing a fourteen year old dyptheria carrier in the home of the brothers, and brings the sister to himself by the most Svengalish of methods. The locking of a little boy up in a tower, with only salt and wine for refreshment, in order to convert him into a drunkard, and the placing of ominous stones upon a female bosom in order to bring about strange desires within, are more likely to catch the attention than the scientific disquisitions which the doctor falls into very readily when his Mephistophelian chores are done.

The book fairly bombards one with grotesque happenings. Some send the authentic shudder to the heart; some miss fire exaggeratedly and sputter off into the ludicrous. The latest biochemical profundity will be protected only by a bit of punctuation from mumbo-jumbo that might have come from the behexed neighborhood of York, Pennsylvania. M. P. Shiel has studied medicine and bacteriology, but he has loved magic. It is difficult to determine which gives him greater delight—the elaborate and minute tracing out of cause and effect, or the abrupt presentation of the uncaused and uncausable.

Mr. Shiel has forearmed himself against discussion of his style as a whole by describing, some time ago, the ideal writer as one who "has no 'style' of his own—and would regard with some contempt a critic who spoke of his 'style'—for each tale is written in a different literature manner." Even in this one tale the literary manner is hard to define. There are passages of emotional intensity that burn themselves into a grotesque perfection, passages where the cumulative, tortuous phrasing leaves their reality almost wordless—a direct communication of feeling. But for the most part the book seems to be bursting and overflowing with words—words marching in files, words huddled together and cramped, words spraying out as suddenly and brightly as from a rocket, and words that trip over themselves and come to nothing.

Mr. Sheil has defined art as the production of "intended effects upon intended minds." And his own art adheres to his definition inasmuch as it appeals very strongly to those to whom it appeals at all (the intended minds evidently) and seems both verbose and artificial to those who are not caught by its eerie fascination.

The sale of George Meredith in England has dropped very considerably since the war, and to-day Conrad is a much better seller. One London bookseller recently said that the greater part of his sales was to public and private libraries whose copies needed replacement.

Hushed Orchestra

RIVER HOUSE. By STARK YOUNG. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by LYLE SAXON

STARK YOUNG'S third novel concerns itself with the eternal struggle between the older and younger generation, the almost inevitable separation of father and son. But Mr. Young goes deeper than that. There is an underlying tone of pity and human compassion—a quality born only of pain—which passes from generation to generation, and from age to age.

The author knows the old South, and he sets his scene carefully. In a few deft paragraphs there emerges from the printed page a mellow plantation house of faded red brick and tall white columns, a house set deep in a garden beside a slow-flowing stream. Inside the house a piano tinkles and two old ladies arrange flowers in bowls and vases, talking always of the past. They feel that life should be "harmonious and easy, smooth-going contact with the people around you—in the midst of the world around, so gentle and easy and lovely, you want people to be so too—anything to avoid what is unpleasant."

But even at River House life has not been always easy. Many years before the story opens the Dandridge family has been divided. The old planter has cut off one of his sons without a penny. Major Dandridge, the inheritor of the property, has in turn quarreled with his wife because she believes that the will should be set aside and proper restitution made to the penniless brother. So bitter the quarrel becomes between husband and wife that she leaves River House and never returns. Her young son, John Dandridge—the character with whom we are concerned—grows to maturity with his father and his two maiden aunts. His mother's name is seldom mentioned; it is as though she were dead. Eventually, he marries and brings home a wife, a thoroughly modern young woman.

From this point the story concerns the clash of wills between father and son; one generation pitted against another, each true to its code. No open quarrel ensues, but each man realizes that the other will never give in. Meanwhile day follows placid day; the sun shines, the neighbors come to call upon John's bride, and the two old aunts —both magnificently drawn characters—attempt to keep life harmonious and pleasant. The two old gentlemen—friends of the family and at River House on a visit—talk endlessly of their reminiscences and expound their antiquated and somewhat crack-brained beliefs. At night there is music in the parlor and moonlight in the garden; magnolias are blooming; negroes are singing in their cabins.

But under this apparent serenity, a storm is brewing. At last father and son confront each other; the father accuses the son of taking his dead mother's part in the family quarrel. But the son realizes that it is more than a mere clash of will. Their two worlds are involved.

Knowing that the conflict is eternal, the son leaves River House forever. He goes away quietly, with only a message to his wife to join him in the city. And so the story ends.

The drama is restrained throughout, but it is drama for all that. Mr. Young's experience with the theater makes him keenly sensitive to the dramatic form, and he builds up scene upon scene—each a little stronger—until the final moment when the story reaches its inevitable conclusion.

If I may be permitted a far-fetched simile, I should like to compare Stark Young, the writer, with the conductor of a symphony orchestra. The musical composition chosen is one of subtle nuance, and depends for its effect not upon a blaring of brass or a thunder of drums, but upon the conductor's ability to draw the greatest color from the stringed instruments and woodwinds of the orchestra. The drums are muffled and the trumpets muted, but one can feel the power of the hushed orchestra. So it is with "River House." And just as certain modern orchestral and compositions draw added beauty from restrained conducting, so Mr. Young achieves his end with quiet writing.

This is Stark Young's third distinguished novel. Each one has shown definite growth, and in "River House" he has reached his full stride as a novelist. There is mellowness in both writing and thought. It is a fascinating picture of Southern life, a novel of first rank, a mature and civilized book.

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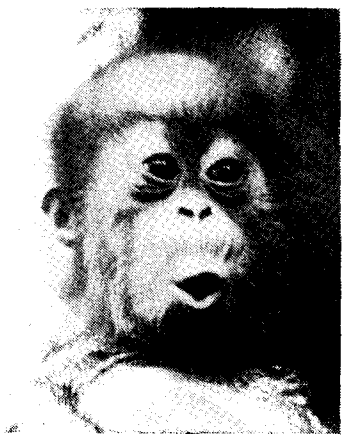

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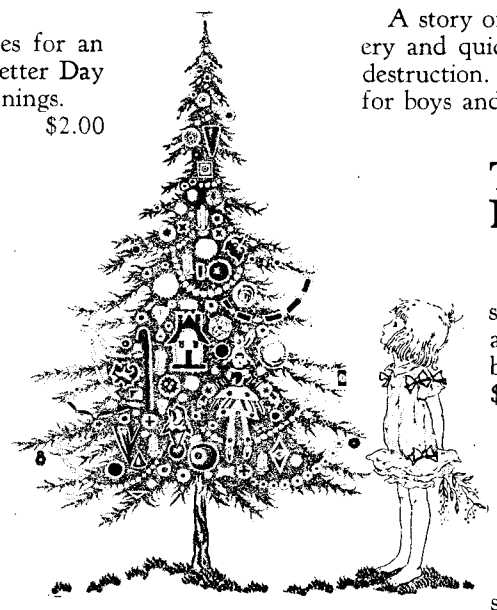

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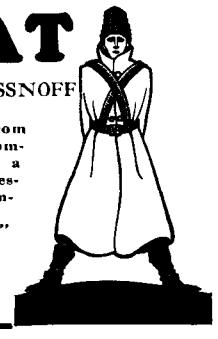

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A PECULIAR book is "A New Approach to Poetry," by Elsa Chapin and Russell Thomas, from the University of Chicago Press. The authors are fond of charts. They analyze image, rhythm, and the sound of words exhaustively. We have been moved to a smile by their underlining as with colored crayons of certain words throughout certain selected poems to separate out the colors therein. In one poem "brazier's glow" is twice underlined, with red and with yellow; in another a phrase descriptive of "captive leopards" is underlined thrice, with yellow, with black, and with brown. This is an innocent amusement; but, to be fair to the book, the volume as a whole presents a method of analysis of poetry designed for the teaching of poetry in the classroom to boys and girls who must be led to a recognition of what it is all about by essentially simple methods. Still—we wonder. Is such dissection the best manner in which to teach poetry, after all? It may be the best way of interpreting its aims to the average mind; that is, as a primer lesson, from which the student will progress into more wide and thorough reading. But a gift for poetry is comparable to a natural singing voice. If the voice is there it can be trained. No earthly or heavenly power can give a voice or an ear to one tone-deaf. And it is astonishing how many people are tone-deaf to poetry. They cannot understand its forms or find music in them through the eye. A song to them is something actually sung with the throat, preferably to music. What one reads on the printed page one must read as prose; why should it not be written as prose?

The poet knows, however, that the rhythms that often fill his head are just as clearly music to him as if the words he is fitting to them were being sung by the most beautiful voice in the world. The wordless rhythms moving in his mind, in fact, will often entrance him as actual music does the auditor. And when he reads other poetry on the printed page, the basic rhythms of any poem set up vibrations that cause him literally to *hear* the poem singing itself at the same time that he sees it lettered out before him. Indeed, we have sometimes thought, though we have known poets who were both poets and musicians, that a large proportion of writers of poetry were but musicians *manqué*. Denied the fullest expression of actual song, where sound alone creates forms and dissolving and merging pictorial effects, and rouses all the various emotions, they turn to the medium that most nearly resembles actual song. We ourselves have no ear for music. We cannot carry a tune without flatting, though we love trying to sing when the crowd is so large that our mistakes can be hidden; but our lifelong desire has been to be able to sing, just to sing averagely well.

Of course, to-day this musical aspect of poetry is regarded in another way by the more modern. They attempt to give that intricacy to their rhythms which will more nearly parallel the intricacy of musical improvisations and compositions. Curiously enough, the more they do this, the less actual music passes into the mind from a perusal of the poem, the more it becomes an intellectual exercise, a mathematical diagram. At least, so it appears to us. We may admire the agility of the presentation of images, the emotion inherent, the subtlety of statement,—and then, for something to sing in our brain, we turn back to the Elizabethans. We are not saying, of course, that the musical element in poetry is the most important element. We are simply saying that we regard it as one necessary element, together with others.

Years ago, when the New Poetry was just beginning, a friend who truly loved the great poetry of the past—for he truly discriminated in regard to it—said something to us to the effect that the poets of the Day seemed so impatient. They would start with one rhythm and drop it before they had explored its possibilities. They would swerve in direction and attack not once but several times in the course of one poem. This recurs to us as an interesting observation; because the truth is that you cannot put too much into a short poem, just as you cannot put too much into a short story, without dispersing its effectiveness. A long poem, an epic, positively demands variation,—even a fairly long poem demands certain symphonic effects, for the ear tires of a steady beat. But a short poem too intricately patterned will inevitably become more a manifestation of mere virtuosity than a memorable pronouncement. If one prefers to be a virtuoso, that is one's choice. And just as in music such exhibitions may be wholly delightful in themselves, so in poetry they may exert claims upon the reader's attention for generations. Youth exults in displaying this cleverness. But the more mature writer of poetry grows to appreciate simplification.

Of course, there are all manner of things that can be done with words and rhythms, and are still to be done. "If I cannot carry mountains on my back neither can you crack a nut." Yet the great accent, the truly great accent, seems strangely to inhere in the simpler forms. Diverse experimentation in form is an excellent thing. Sometimes it leads to fresh achievement. Oftener it is merely a practising of scales. What matters in poetry is the transference of a definite temperament, in all its many colors, and eventually in its complete human values, to the printed page. When a poet writes a poem—if he is not merely practising—he is not counting syllables on his fingers or thinking in terms of cæsuras. He is saying something that is in his heart and on his mind, and suddenly finding that it takes unto itself a certain rhythm of utterance. If he achieves an onomatopoetic effect in its proper place or a triumph of deft alliteration, he is not thinking, "Come! Now for an onomatopoetic effect,—now for alliteration,now for synecdochy!" Such pedantry and poetic creation are at opposite poles. The writer is simply seized of a vision and haunted by rhythms that express it. Afterward, the dissection of what he has done, the separating out of his effects, may prove a fascinating study; but the taking of too much thought for technique at the inception of his poem would have ruined the poem; it would have reduced it to a clever exercise.

Those who once learn to ride a bicycle forget that their first effort to do so made them regard keeping one's balance as in the nature of a miracle. Yet with every turn of the pedals they are exercising technique, comparable to the exercise of technique in verse by one who has learned his trade. Their agility has simply become a matter of course. And one who excels in any sport goes on learning from the practice of it as poets go on learning from the practice of poetry. If one has absorbing interest and knack to begin with, greater proficiency results simply from practice. It is bound to. But the absorption must be great for great proficiency. The trouble with most artists in any age is that they will not work to increase their talent. They are satisfied with what they were dowered with in the first place and with attitudinizing in regard to their cleverness. Their actual achievement, in fact, will depend upon the strength of their spirit. This is so obvious that it seems banal to state. Yet we see many all around us constantly dissipating the spirit that is in them in all sorts of trivial ways. An artist needs faith.

An artist more than any man needs faith; and his faith has been given him; the faith that his urge for self-expression is worth transmuting into writing, painting, or sculpture. The world does not find that necessary. The artist proceeds from the beginning against—not exactly hostility—but utter apathy on the part of the world. The world will eventually acclaim him and crown him if he pursues his undeviating way and so enhances his original gift as finally to produce work of indubitable power and scope. But he may expect no real assistance from it in the meanwhile. The rigor of this condition kills off the small artists, drives them into megalomanias and persecution manias, fills them with phobias, introduces into their lives elements that sap and undermine their original gift; but the major talents proceed and attain. It has always been so and it will always be so. It may be a cruel rule of creation, but it is the rule laid down.

Such are a few of the rambling observations inspired by a casual consideration of a new method of poetic analysis. We do not believe Miss Chapin's and Mr. Thomas's explorations to have been ill-conceived. Any presentation of the art of poetry that will impress its merits as an art more upon the minds of the general public has our approval. "A New Approach to Poetry" is one such way of presenting it.

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Points of View

On Biography

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

You deserve much thanks for a needed warning in "On Reading Biographies" in the Nov. 2 issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature.* We need more than an occasional essay of that kind, however. We need constant, fearless, and crusading biographical criticism.

In your essay you put the burden on the readers. "Unless readers become more critical . . .," and "Good readers should help to protect . . . the taste for biography by insisting that when they buy a biography they get a biography," etc. But there are two ways only in which a reader can ascertain the quality of a biography before he buys (and after he buys it is too late as far as any wholesome effect upon his pocketbook or the trade is concerned). One is to be tormented and pushed from side to side of a counter in a book shop while he endeavors to sample a few snatches of each tempting value (alas! how tempting externally!). The other is to depend on a critic's judgment, with allowance, as far as the average reader is able to make it, for a critic's foibles and prejudices. The former course is tiring and unsatisfactory, nor is it possible for readers scattered over the countryside.

There are many of us who are guided in our decisions to buy or not to buy by the write-ups of the literary reviews. And surely such guidance is one of the functions of such reviews. I don't like, therefore, to see an editor pass the buck to his readers.

But the matter doesn't stop there. Presumably criticism of the sort that is fit to be called such has, or should have, some influence on the writers—both by reason of its inherent ideas and because it influences the sales. Biographical criticism is in a state of chaos. How often have I in late years picked up a biography which had won the enthusiastic praise of uncritical reviewers, only to find it superficial, swaggering, wordy nonsense. Third-rate novelists and hack-writers, who have failed at everything else they've tried, are flocking into the field by the score, and our critics reward them with such pleasant praise that they are actually encouraged to believe that at last they have found their true vocation.

You know as well, and better, than I the tremendous range of abilities which an acceptable biographer must possess, and I needn't discuss them nor remind you how rare they are. You know, too, how far the present horde falls short. Yet few types of literature are so satisfying when they succeed as biography. It is worth taking some measures to protect. The point is, will critics allow the present demand for biography "to die of surfeit," or will they make an attempt, while there is yet time, to bring order into biographical criticism, and direct the impulse into more positive channels, so that the values of biography will be saved and refined?

Readers are practically helpless in the face of modern high-pressure book advertising, except as they depend on the critics. The critics' independence has become more difficult to maintain, too, but never more necessary. I write to you because it seems to me that *The Saturday Review* has been the least of the offenders, and because, with men like Nevins and MacDonald as your right-hand helpers, you have the nucleus of a staff which could make its influence felt if it were so determined.

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

Madison, Wis.

Working Plans

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

The Compleat Collector usually collects his instances from completely appropriate sources, if not from still waters, but in his comments upon The Cleland Book in *The Saturday Review* of September 28th he plays out from a doubtful reel in saying, "many drawings are solely for the portfolio or, as in the case of architect's sketches, are merely working plans." It would be a blessing to the architect if his sketches could serve as working drawings, for then the commission collected would be all his instead of the deficit that so often stares him in the face after the draftsmen, engineers, tracers, blueprinters, the superintendent, the specification-writer, the stenographer, and the office boy have been paid and the office expenses settled.

Peradventure this inadvertency may be prophetic and some day the architect may come into his own.

NATHANIEL BLAISDELL.

San Francisco.

The New South

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

The question as to whether the New South is to become a second Middle West, so ably presented in a recent editorial in *The Saturday Review,* is one of the most fascinating themes of the day. There is no doubt that the booster and the machine have already wrought decided changes in old agricultural regions. How far can mechanization level off distances between North and South? Any discussion of the South which does not start from the physical environment is on the wrong track. In that delightful book, "Life and Labor in the Old South," Professor Phillips very wisely begins with a description of climate, soil, and topography south of the Mason and Dixon line. Geographic influences, of course, can have a profound, indirect effect operating through the economic and social life. Hence the importance and timeliness of such a study as "Human Factors in Cotton Culture," by Professor R. B. Vance. In spite of surface indications there is still considerable variation in the psychology of the people in our far-flung territory. My own belief is that growing mechanization will never entirely neutralize these sectional differences since climatic and other natural forces are steadily working to increase them. At any rate, the prospect of one dull, uniform pattern for our national life is something to shudder at.

LAMBERT A. SHEARS.

Durham, N. C.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

The *Saturday Review* of November 2, 1929, makes the statement (page 338) that "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass" have recently been translated for the first time into German.

This statement could be true only of the latter book. "Alice's Adventure in Wonderland" was translated into German three years after the appearance of the first English edition, with the title, "Alice's Abenteuer im Wunderland. Übersetzt von Antonie Zimmermann." With 42 illusrations by Tenniel. London, 1869.

I presume this early translation has long been out of print.

WILLIAM F. LUEBKE.

University of Denver.

Objection Taken

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

I have had so many occasions to thank your columns, without comment, that I hope I may not be thought ungrateful if I point out an error of a somewhat amusing kind in your recent review of my novel, "The Sun Cure." This novel, I may say, incidentally, was written in jesting mood, and though it does poke a certain amount of fun at the eccentricities of the day, both in literature and life, our pseudo-moderns must be thin-skinned indeed if (after all they have said about writers of other schools), they cannot bear a jest at their own expense. But the amusing error is this: Your critic is obviously annoyed—every cold, calm sentence sizzles with his suppressions—over my naked curate. He suggests that, in a certain passage, I am endeavoring to distract the public from my own competitors (Curiously enough, this is just what Sir Henry Newbolt, in a recent anthology, suggested that some of the recent eccentrics were wasting their time in trying to do, with regard to my own work). I will not suggest that your critic borrowed the idea, and was trying to turn the tables yet again. The fact remains that lunatic poetry is not the only thing satirized in my novel, but all kinds of freak fashions, old as well as new, are touched upon; and *the particular passage which roused your critic's wrath was a satire not upon rival poets, as he quite definitely says, but upon a very particular kind of critic, and a particular kind of "blurb."*

This is the passage to which he refers. It is a mock review of a book called "The Baboon Companion":

"The heroine of this book is an habituée of Montmartre, sodden with drink, who becomes a victim of atavism, goes out to the Congo, and falls in love with a baboon in the steaming tropic jungle. The broken and savage obscenities that drop from her lips on every page somehow wring the heart with a tragic beauty. The wise reader will recognize the high importance of this young author's furious insight into primitive passions; his discovery of a new field in which to exploit them, and his frank acceptance of the grave artistic necessity of occupying it. The subject is treated in all its aspects, and the book is a sombre, dignified, and passionate plea for the recognition of the so-called lower animals, and for the removal of all man-made taboos. As Félisetta, the heroine, cries, in passionate rebellion, when she is finally separated from her baboon companion, 'My God, are we not one clay!' The thought is, of course, an advanced development of Rousseau; but however much the conventional may shrink from abandoning old ideas—a renunciation which every generation must make in turn—it is a courageous and distinguished work. If—as appears likely—it is suppressed by the mere legal authorities, its author may invoke not only the name of Milton, but that of Darwin also, against those who would lay a sacrilegious Lord on the august Ark of our national literature. He is an author to watch." *Mr. Beestly Porchester, the distinguished critic, in the Weekly Review.*

I need hardly say that the *Weekly Review* referred to was not your own; and I do not know whether American critics are as familiar with that type of "blurb" as we unfortunately are in Europe. But I submit to your readers that it is a legitimate object of satire; that there is nothing "objectionable," as your critic says, in a serious writer occasionally exposing such stuff; that, in doing so, I am certainly not guilty of the mean offense which your critic attributes to me of attempting to damage serious competitors of my own; and that I am exercising the privilege of every writer, through humor, and, if necessary, even through a naked curate, of striking a blow for the things we all really care about, including the honor of literature.

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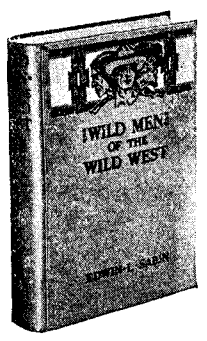

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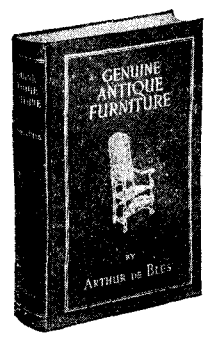

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The Revue des Deux Mondes

By Henri Peyre
Yale University

THE famous and time-honored *Revue des Deux Mondes* is going to celebrate its centenary this year in December. The *Revue* will hail the beginning of its second century of existence with the usual dinners and speeches; several former ministers and perhaps one former President of the Republic, a few marshals, and a score or so of Academicians will be there. For the *Revue* has always had an official recognition in France; all governments have had to reckon with it, and, at the time of its highest glory, it was respected and feared as the "fourth power" of the country, no less strong and more stable than the three powers defined by the constitution, able to weather the fiercest political storms.

This centenary is an event of world-wide importance. For many years, in the nineteenth century, the name of the *Revue* was synonymous with what was best in French literature. It has always been, outside of France, the most popular of all Parisian periodicals. Its salmon-pink cover is still to be seen, both in North and South America, in all circles which make a point of keeping well informed of the new developments in French literature and politics. And its title —which in France, according to an often quoted witticism, is ironically taken to mean that the staid *Revue* is addressed to the aristocratic *grand monde* and to the no less fashionable *demi-monde* — has been fully justified by the numerous and excellent articles that the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has always devoted to the new world, and especially to the United States.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* was the creation of one man who, for forty-six years its editor-in-chief, devoted all his energies, his immense capacity for work, his great will-power to this periodical, his child and his only religion. The *Revue* was but eighteen months old when François Buloz was appointed its editor. It had first appeared on August 1, 1829, as a timid monthly journal of "politics, administration, and manners." The motto, printed on the first page, was taken from Pope. At a time when political and literary quarrels were rife in France, on the eve of the battle of "Hernani," it ran: "Party is the madness of many, for the good of few."

As early as 1830, the young and not very successful *Revue* was united with the *Journal des Voyages*, and threatened to become a magazine of geography and travels. But in February, 1831, Buloz was chosen as the new editor. The character of the *Revue* changed at once. Literature and arts were given more space. As early as 1831, Buloz had secured the collaboration of such men as Dumas, Balzac, Sainte-Beuve, and Vigny. Political economy, general scientific information, articles on foreign countries, on ancient literature, and philosophy, published among poems, plays, novels, and essays, gave the magazine its distinctive character of a *Review* of very broad interest. A vignette on the cover, which had represented a savage girl, with very scant clothing, holding forth a branch of olive to a civilized European woman, disappeared very soon, as not in keeping with the *comme il faut* tone of the new *Revue*. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* was born and promised to live.

The sudden and surprising success of Buloz was due entirely to his unassailable moral integrity and to his unfailing energy. He was only twenty-seven when he was offered the editorship. His culture was not very wide, his taste not very refined. But his unerring common sense and his inflexible firmness ruled out every objection, fought every caprice of his authors. Buloz achieved no mean feat: he knew how to manage with tact and authority the two races of men (for he was also, for some years, at the head of the *Comédie Française*) who are in every country the most individualistic and the least willing to accept any discipline whatever, authors and actors.

The secret of his authority—some would say of his autocracy—lay in the unfailing kindness he concealed under his gruff appearance. Several anecdotes have told how Buloz acted as the moral adviser of his writers. He urged them to work for the *Revue* as the only remedy to all evils and troubles. With a Balzac and a Musset, who were as quick to promise, and to borrow his money, as they were slow to bring their manuscripts, Buloz displayed a boundless patience. It was at a dinner he gave in March, 1833, that Musset and George Sand met for the first time. But Buloz was harassed with remorse when he discovered that their liaison prevented Musset from writing for the *Revue*, while George Sand would complete a novel in the middle of the night, send it to Buloz, and set to work at once on a new one, with a calm that caused her lover's despair.

For many years, Buloz was the father confessor of all his contributors. His complete independence, his regard for talent alone, ranked his review above all its rivals in France; while the sympathy shown to young men of promise, the absence of all narrow party spirit, made the *Revue des Deux Mondes* lighter and more liberal than the stolid *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews* then famous across the Channel.

With all his intellectual and moral qualities, Buloz would not have succeeded if he had not been also a clever business man. He always thought of the subscribers first of all, and obstinately refused all articles which would have been too dry, too abstract, or too obscure for them. When he had written with his blue pencil, "I can't understand" across a manuscript, the writer was sure it never would be accepted. "Great men," he used to say, "may provide my *Review* with contributors, but they do not provide it with subscribers," and, "what is too difficult or too profound for me, will be even more so for the public." Renan told in one of his prefaces how Buloz refused an article of his on Buddhism, as he could not believe there existed such peculiar people as the Buddhist. However, that wise business man played the part of a Boileau with many writers of his century, and from Musset to Renan and Taine many are the men of letters of France who owed not a little to his advice.

Buloz's successors, Brunetière, Francis Charmes, and now René Doumic, have worthily pursued his work and they may be justly proud of the result of their efforts. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* is still the most famous of the French *Reviews*. Yet there is some danger in being able to look back upon a whole century of glory and achievement: the *Revue des Deux Mondes* can now no longer be called "*une revue des jeunes.*" Its spirit and its tone are distinctly conservative. Its sympathy is, in politics, with the Catholic party, in literature with the French Academy, with dogmatic criticism, and with the well-built novels with a moral purpose, that Bourget, Bazin, Bordeaux, and even Edith Wharton, unwearingly provide for the *Revue*. Younger and more enterprising rivals now threaten the supremacy once securely held by Buloz's periodical. The *Mercure de France* at the time of the symbolists, the *Nouvelle Revue Française* since 1910, have been more open to new talents and new ideas. The *Revue de France* and the *Revue de Paris* have successfully borrowed the methods of their elder sister; the latter, especially, now rivals in interest, and often surpasses in breath of outlook and variety, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Gide and Valéry, Morand and Duhamel, Giraudoux and Thibaudet, are welcomed in its pages, while their names are only mentioned with bated breath in the more solemn *Revue* now a hundred years old.

But even the most revolutionary Frenchmen will turn conservative in time. It is well that there should remain a magazine proud of its past, faithful to its aristocratic public, and apt to be *laudator temporis acti*. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* is like the French Academy, to which it is said to be the antechamber. Those who laugh at it most scornfully in their twenties will be only too proud to belong to it when age replaces their juvenile irony by white hair, a red ribbon at the button-hole, and a more sober sense of tradition.

LA FLEUR D'ALOÈS. By Auguste Vierset. Paris: Plon. 1929.

M. VIERSET offers an enchanting idyl —village and forest life in the Ardennes—turning to tragedy. His art makes the end as logical as unexpected, while his love of rustic life leads him to cull many bits of folk custom and lore which, as one of his characters says, "explain our intellectual past, light up the psychology of recent ages and mark the survival of past beliefs." The sense of the title may be easily overlooked: it symbolizes the love of two cousins which was to bear bitter fruit. The book opens with the protagonists well past middle life; their passion is more poignant for having no outward manifestation; earlier years appear in retrospective revery to lend to their Indian summer a glow which pales conventional romance. Any attempt at résumé would make melodrama of a story whose chief charms are its restraint and economy of means.

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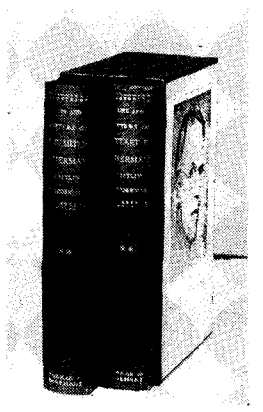

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The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 74. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short lyric to be interpolated in Tennyson's "In Memoriam." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of December 16.)

Competition No. 75. You are giving a party in honor of your recently acquired "Encyclopaedia Brittanica" and write an Ode (not exceeding forty lines of rhymed verse) to be chanted, dedicating the volumes to household use. A prize of fifteen dollars will be awarded for the most appropriate ode. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of December 30).

THE SEVENTIETH COMPETITION

The prize for the best Ballade of Good Food is awarded to Clinton Scollard.

UPON good food I love to dine
Like any mortal-minded male;
Not mine a visage saturnine
If there be placed before me—
quail!
I am no seeker for the grail
To keep my body pinched and poor;
If lobster's served I lift no wail,
And yet I am no epicure!

Some souls there are who "peak and pine"
For pasties that cause men to ail;
And some think terrapin is fine
From a sequestered ocean dale;
And there are those that deem the snail
A toothsome gastronomic lure;
I eat them all, if chance avail,
And yet I am no epicure!

The tender ham if cooked in wine,
(Should there be any wine for sale),
Mushrooms from pastures where the kine
Their udders fill to flood the pail,
And venison, if not too stale,
From a secluded mountain moor,—
These, these, with happiness I hail,
And yet I am no epicure!

ENVOY

Friends, not on cabbage nor on kale
I'd make my meal—of that be sure!
Carpers may rave and rant and rail,
And yet I am no epicure!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

The many competitors who wasted their time making Ballads instead of Ballades should study the orthodox structure of the winning entry. Some of them would still have been disqualified even if a Ballad had been asked for. Ballad and lyric are not synonymous terms, nor is there anything of balladry in burlesque imitations of "Oh, to be in England now that April's here." It is amazing to me that people who are eager and able to write verse should be ignorant of its mere conventional forms.

Perhaps I am narrow minded, but I cannot feel that it would be fair to the score of competitors who did take the pains to write a strict Ballade, carrying the rhymes right through, if I did not disqualify the excellent work offered by Harold W. Gleason, Homer Parsons, and Charles D. Cameron, all of whom changed rhyme from stanza to stanza thus avoiding the main difficulties of composition. Mr. Gleason's entry is worth printing for its own sake and I wish I had room for Homer Parson's negro dialect verses with their refrain "Dere aint no food like possum meat." Charles Foth crowned the better and more regular of two entries with the winning refrain "Do re mi fa sol la!" but on the whole very little imagination went into the making of refrains—which is to say that good ballades were as rare as good ballades generally are. David Heathestone's "Barmecide Feast" and the entries by Byron D. Arnold, Anne Winslow, M.D., and Katharine M. Washburn (who concentracted on cheeses to the tune of "While the whiff whispers, Are we done?") were outstanding though all defective. Only Claudius Jones and Marian Hurd McNeely approached Clinton Scollard, the latter writing from the point of view of a hospital patient with the Envoi—

Gosh, it isn't alone today!
It's always the way life seems to be:
Everyone else gets a loaded tray;
Bismuth and water are handed me.

There is no severer test of one's powers of versification than the Ballade form: Mr. Scollard must be excused one or two signs of artificiality which Mr. Gleason, in his less stringent variation of the Ballade, does not betray.

A BALLADE OF GOOD THINGS TO EAT

Frenchmen, history states, can feel
Man's true worth by his style of dressing;
Doubtless, Parisienne appeal
Lies in garments to keep one guessing!
Taste is truly a doubtful blessing:
Clothing or viand, gown or teal,
Grows expensive with skilful messing—
Truly, 'tis gravy makes the meal!

Sauce, to thee we in homage kneel,
Humble as nuns in holy cloister!
Sauce piquante, for the toothsome eel;
Game fowl garnished with well-minced oyster;
Tyrolienne, for the skilled fork-hoister,
Proves a treasure no thief may steal;
Maître d'Hôtel—how my mouth grows moister!—
Truly, 'tis gravy makes the meal!

Béchamel—how one's senses reel,
Swayed by the charm of that sauce so faddish!
Even a broken heart may heal,
Warmed to the cockles by sauce horseradish!
Velouté—ah, the moments maddish
Memory holds of thee on veal!
Roquefort—what if one's dreams prove baddish?
Truly, 'tis gravy makes the meal!

L'ENVOI

Prince, pens sputter and voices falter,
Unsustained in their minstrel zeal;
Ponder, prithee, nor think I palter:
Truly, 'tis gravy makes the meal!

HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON.

We print a poem held over from a previous competition:

THE FIRSTBORN

Firstborn of time are we, not doomed to till
A freezing earth beneath a failing sun,
When mankind's varied toil is almost done,
And mankind's fevered thought is almost still.

No, first must time our timid dreams fulfill,
Our sluggish-paced ambitions all outrun,
Through ages which have scarcely yet begun,
Since our ape fathers crept on plain and hill.

When but our minds shall grow to such a span,
As grasps, what even now our eyes can see,
Then, at high noon of time, some greater man
May stand aghast to view his destiny,
Dreaming such dreams, as long to bridge the black
Abyss and, fire-borne, ride the comet's track.

CLAUDIUS JONES.

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A Christmas Check List

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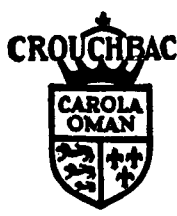

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Christmas Pantomimes

By Lee Wilson Dodd

Foreword

The following small Christmas pantomimes, for very young and unsophisticated children, are printed here (strictly) "by request." They were not written for publication. The only excuse for reproducing them now, after an interval of some years, is a pragmatic one: they both happened to work *rather well. It is just possible, then, that if they worked well for my children, they may do so as well for others. And they have (if the author does say it) two tremendous advantages, from a parental point of view, over many such Christmas entertainments: they are brief, and they require very little in the way of preparation and rehearsal. A Victrola is indicated; and very dramatic light-effects can be produced with a bridge-lamp spotlight through colored tissue-papers.*

The first and briefest pantomime, "The Clown and the Angel," was interpreted by a shy clown of five or six and a girl-angel of seven or eight. These characters were imperative, because the clown costume and the angel costume were already in existence —which saved trouble for everybody but the author. The song, to the familiar French air, was also imperative, since it was the only song this clown and this angel certainly knew. The lines were read out slowly, with faultless enunciation, by the modest author, retired behind a screen, and the performers—following the best Shakespearian tradition—suited some of their actions to the words. It was all over in ten or twelve minutes and was a notable triumph for everybody concerned!

The second pantomime, given a Christmas or two later, produced by the same cast, was a little more elaborate, but not very much. However, full stage directions will be found in the text—and you can hardly go wrong. The author reserves no personal rights in either composition; they are yours for the taking.

But a final word. It will be better not to give these pantomimes at all unless they are done pretty simply and casually, more like games than "productions." They are rather fun if they are just more or less allowed to happen on Christmas Eve, or as dusk falls on Christmas Day.

I

THE CLOWN AND THE ANGEL

(*Note: The action is all implied in the words read by the Chorus*)

Discovered: a little bare room, a table, a chair—no fireplace.

The Chorus

A LITTLE bare room, a table, a chair;
No food on the table, and no one there.
No fire on the hearth—but how could there be?
For there isn't a hearth in the room, you see.
It is freezing without and freezing within . . .
Br-r-r! what a way for a play to begin!
Now this little bare room is in Poverty Town
And belongs to a poor little blue-nosed Clown,
Who walks all day till his toes are numb
Through Millionaire City beating a drum;
Beating a drum, and moreover 'tis said
That he'll smile for a penny or stand on his head.
But the pennies are few that come to his purse,
So he always is hungry and weary and worse:
For worse than all these (as I'm sure you can guess),
He is *lonely* . . . oh dear; . . . and his loneliness
Is the lonesomest kind (as I'm sure you'll believe),
When he's all by his lonies on—Christmas Eve!
But hush—here he comes . . . the sad little Clown,
Home from Millionaire City to Poverty Town.
Don't laugh at him, please . . . with no fire, and no money,
No dinner, no friends . . . as you see, it's not funny.
He draws in the door and fastens the latch;
He can't light his candle—he hasn't a match—
And besides there's no candle; but *he* doesn't care!
He's a brave little Clown—so he sits on his chair,
And pretends he is eating hot turkey and plum
Pudding . . . see, he p'tends that his cracked little drum
Is the biggest plum-pudding that ever was made!
—O dear! but that won't fill him up, I'm afraid.

And now, what's he up to? . . . Oh mercy, how shocking!
Why, the poor little Clown has a hole in his stocking!
In fact, it's *all* holes! . . . What's he doing? . . . Oh dear!
Does he really think Santa could find his way *here?*
To this poor little room? To this cold little Clown?
Why, there isn't a chimney in Poverty Town
Wide enough for old Santa Claus to climb down!
Now he's saying a prayer . . . now he's falling asleep. . . .
I declare, it's *too* sad! I'm afraid I shall weep
If he has to wake up and find no one has come
To fill up his stocking and mend up his drum. . . .

ANGEL *singing unseen, outside the door*

Au clair de la lune,
Mon ami Pierrot;
I have come barefooted
Through the winter snow,
I am cold and weary
And with hunger thin—
And I'm very lonely:
Won't you let me in?

THE LITTLE CLOWN, wakes up, and sings

I've no fire to warm you,
I've no Christmas cheer;
But if you need shelter
You are welcome here .. . .
(*Opens the door*)
Would that I had plenty
Now to share with you;
But be pleased to enter
Pour l'amour de Dieu!

(*The Angel comes in, all covered over with a dark cloak like an old woman. But no sooner is she inside than she throws off her cloak—and the room is filled with light. Then the Angel waves a star-tipped wand, and many children come running and crowding in with food and gifts which they present to the little Clown . . . and they all sing a carol together. Then the children vanish as they came—and the Angel takes the little Clown by the hand and leads him away with her—up the stairs. . . .*)

II

THE BIRTH OF SANTA CLAUS

The Chorus

ONCE long ago across the sea
Before Columbus crossed it,
In a country lost to history
(But *I* don't know who lost it!)—
Inside a hill, to keep from his kind
And shut all friendliness from his mind,
Lived a little old man five hundred years old:
And all that he thought of was—gold—
GOLD—GOLD!

(*Here the curtain is withdrawn, discovering a Miser's Cave, very dim and cheerless. Sacks of treasure lie about, and the old gnome of a Miser—in a false face and long black cloak—is counting his gold.*)

Just look at him, children!—this little old man,
All twisted into himself!
With a heart as hard as a frying-pan
He is counting his worthless pelf!
He has sacks of gold and coffers of gold,
But never a penny has he
For anyone else in the world, I'm told,
No matter how poor they be!
He couldn't be generous if he tried,
With his rubies and diamonds and all,
And he wouldn't give even a child a doll
In honor of Christmastide!
So, as you see, he is bent and black,
Cross and crookèd and curs'd;
And his only joy is to sleep on a sack
Of Arabian spoons

And Spanish doubloons,
So full it is ready to burst!
O what a lonely selfish old fellow—
No wonder his skin is wrinkled and yellow!

Well then, one night, while he lay dreaming
Of nobody but himself,

(*Here a light is flashed on, and the Fairy Queen appears—coming, if you can so arrange it, down the hall stairs*)—

Suddenly into his hill came streaming
A ray of light
Which woke with a fright
That crookèd, cross little elf!
He scrambled from bed, his yellow-green eyes
Popping out of his head with surprise!
For it wasn't a burglar he saw—O no!
It wasn't a bull's-eye lantern's glow
That made him blink and shiver and sink
Down on his marrow-bones — clink, clink, clink!
No—instead of a ruffian with a pistol—
'Twas the Fairy Queen with a Wand of Crystal!

(*Here the Fairy Queen begins dancing, to mysterious slow music*)

Without the Christmas bells were pealing,
And into his fastness she came stealing;
Danced to him there down a secret stair
Which led from goodness only knows where
Right into the center of his lair
Through the solid rock of his ceiling!
No wonder, then, he was very much daunted
And hadn't breath to ask what she wanted.

The Fairy Queen stepped thrice around him
Waving her Crystal Wand!
Deep in a lasting spell she bound him!
And then it dawned
On that dry little gnome, so crabbèd and old,
He'd been wasting his life by loving his cold
Dull hoards of gold!
Yes, all of a sudden, he changed in a wink
From a grim little Miser to something far wiser,
To—*what do you think?*

(*Here the old Miser drops his cloak and mask and changes — miraculously — into Santa Claus!*)

Seeing's believing—so look for yourself!
See what becomes of that lemon-faced elf!
Watch him grow fatter—rosier, too—
With a jolly white beard—and his eyes have turned *blue!*
He is smiling and merry and dressed all in red;
And he bows to the Queen:
"Yes, I see what you mean—
"I must give all this back to the children in bed!
"I'll turn it to toys
"For good girls and boys,
"And I'll buy me a reindeer and get me a sled!
"Then each year when the Christmas bells ring out the birth
"Of the Child who loved children, I'll speed round the earth,
"Whisk up through the air to each chimney and make
"Every child glad for the child Jesus' sake!"

And that is the end of our story—because
That was the beginning of good Santa Claus. . . .

(*Here Santa Claus and the Fairy Queen come forward hand in hand, bow, and say right out loud together*—)

Thank you all very much for your hearty applause!

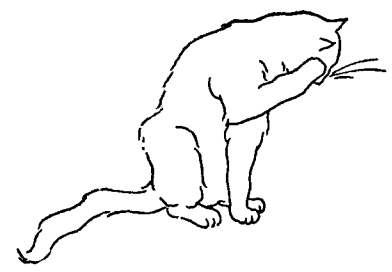
Conducted by Marion Ponsonby

GALAHADS AND PUSSY-CATS. By Wilhelm Speyer. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by Anne Lyon Haight

THIS story of life in a German boarding-school has been called "the best juvenile published in Germany within the last generation." The author, a young school teacher, writes from experience and understands his subject and its psychology extraordinarily well. The illustrations are insipid and anemic, but the book is well printed in excellent taste.

The plot is inspired by an ideal of universal appeal—that of kindness to animals. The Galahads are members of the Sophomore class, who, hearing from the keeper of the Zoo in a neighboring town that the Pussy-cats are being cruelly treated, form a plan to rescue them and do so. One's interest in their mode of procedure never lags as these knight errants carry out their strategy. A very charming note is brought into the story by the only girl member of the class, Daniella, who lives apart in her tent in the forest with her two great dogs. She helps Borst, the smallest and weakest of the Sophomores, to overcome his timidity and



gain confidence in himself; in fact, he becomes quite the hero.

The story is told in a simple, direct, and pleasant way and is absolutely devoid of sentimentality. The boys are very real and might be in a school of self-government in any country, except that they betray one trait characteristic of the German schoolboy —his profound solemnity. We, who have been brought up on "Tom Brown's School Days" and Kipling's "Stalky & Company," with the rollicking humor added to the serious side, rather miss the lack of fun in this type of story. On the other hand, one cannot say that the book is entirely devoid of humor, for, although told in a serious way, the boys do get into some very amusing predicaments, from which they extricate themselves after the manner of all ingenious small boys.

Being anxious to know whether this rather gruesome, but still absorbing, story would appeal to an American schoolboy I lent it to a young man of fourteen. He returned it with the verdict of "simply swell." What more could one ask?

FORGOTTEN GODS. By Theodore Acland Harper in collaboration with Winifred Harper. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by A. M. Tozzer
Harvard University

THE growing importance in the mind of the public of the ancient Mayas and their civilization is seen in many ways: the Mayas have even "arrived" for children as can be seen by several adventure stories now appearing with a Maya background.

The extensive travels of the author of "Forgotten Gods" have certainly included Central America, as there is abundant evidence of this in the book. He has also evidently perfected himself in the archæology of this region and its literature, even if he makes his archæologist utter unorthodox theories.

A youth, deprived of his heritage by a wicked lawyer employed by the trustful and simple archæologist-uncle, seeks this uncle in the wilds of a country which is evidently Guatemala. The young man and his friend are sent on a gun-running expedition to Central America in charge of the lawyer's accomplice, who has orders to lose the youths. A faithful Chinese cook foils all this and brings them safely to the uncle, who is buried in the bush with a beautiful daughter, his only white companion.

Native intrigue now sets in at the attempt of the old man to unravel the secrets of the Mayas and to observe some of the survivals of the ancient rites. There are also "bundles of written leaves," hidden passages, hieroglyphic inscriptions, and rites to the rising sun. The hero's companion marries the daughter, and his own love, remaining behind in New York, has not been idle; she has been able to prove the evil doings of the lawyer and all ends most happily. This book is rather better than the ordinary adventure story.

(*Continued on page 538*)

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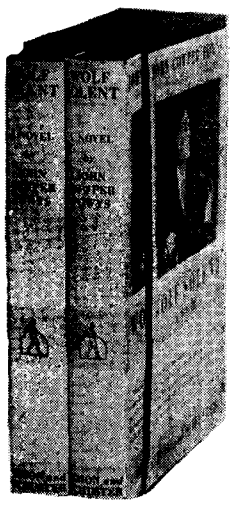

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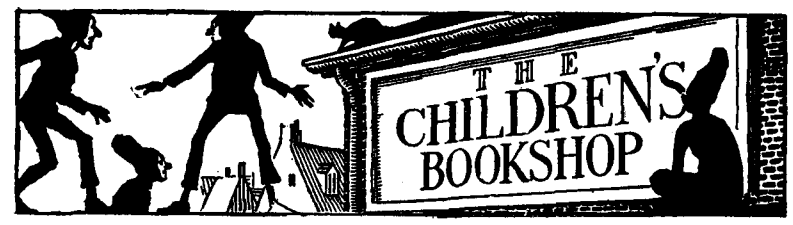

The Gossip Shop

By RACHEL FIELD

CHILDREN'S Book Week has come and gone, though in the central children's room of the New York Public Library about one hundred of the most worthwhile juveniles (culled from some eight hundred and fifty new titles) will be on exhibition till the holidays. Here, behind the Library Lions, on Monday afternoon of that week, Miss Anne Carroll Moore and her associates reviewed some of the more outstanding contributions to this field, and here, too, Miss Lisette Woodworth Reese, the guest of the afternoon, made some wise and witty remarks on the subject of Poetry and Childhood. Being a successful teacher of English for thirty-five years in the Baltimore public schools, as well as one of the ablest lyric poets, not to mention being the author of a delightful and spirited book of personal reminiscence, "A Victorian Village," Miss Reese is certainly one to speak with authority. Seldom have we enjoyed any talk more, and it was particularly pleasant to discover that we shared several theories about a number of things,—particularly about the unfortunate habit of "explaining away" poetry to children, instead of merely letting them read it. As one of her young pupils remarked with real insight, "I think I like poetry, Miss Reese, but I don't like to study it." We also listened with gratification to her words in praise of Mother Goose and Walter de la Mare's anthology, "Come Hither." The informal talk was followed by Miss Reese's reading of some of her own poems.

A widely assorted group of writers, artists, publishers, librarians, and others interested in the making or selection of juvenile literature attended, among them John Farrar, one of Miss Reese's pleased publishers; May Massee, of the Doubleday, Doran "Junior Books"; Marian Fiery, of Knopf; Helen Dean Fish and Emily Street, of Stokes; also Wilbur Macey Stone, collector and writer on early juvenilia; Laura Benét, the poet; Constance Lindsay Skinner, author of historical romances; Dugald Stewart Walker, the illustrator; the Biancos, Margery and Pamela; Boris Artzibasheff; Mimpsy Rhys, who turned out to be real and not a second Daisy Ashford (as so many readers of "Mr. Hermit Crab" insisted that she must be); Josiah Titzell, of Payson & Clarke, and in her little glass case, with appropriate early American antiques about her, the wooden doll "Hitty," sitting beneath her own illustrations to prove what excellent likenesses Dorothy P. Lathrop had made of her.

Probably we shouldn't have mentioned Hitty because of certain personal preferences, but there she was, wearing her sprigged calico, her pleasant expression, and her hundred odd years extremely well!

Remo Bufano, the puppeteer (or is it marionettist?), is back again from his travels in Europe on a Guggenheim Fellowship. He went over to learn more about the history, characters, and traditions of this ancient art of intricate string-pulling. Much of this will later appear in a book, but meantime Mr. Bufano is continuing his marionette performances for children and others, each Saturday morning at the Garrick Theatre on West Thirty-fifth Street, where we shall hope soon to witness once more the splendid adventures of "Orlando Furioso" and meet more of his marvellously limber companions.

Emma Brock is another lately returned traveller from the other side of the Atlantic, where she gathered a notebook full of ideas for another child's picture book to follow her successful Knopf juvenile, "The Runaway Sardine."

We have just got round to reading "The Children's Country," by Kay Burdekin, published by William Morrow & Company at $2.50. This is a fantastic tale of two present-day children in Scotland who followed the instructions of a Celtic superstition and in so doing encountered many strange adventures. Although the publisher's note refers to it as "another Never-Never Land," we were more reminded of parts of Kipling's "Puck of Pooks Hill" and "Rewards and Fairies." Margery Williams Bianco's tale of "The Candlestick," from Doubleday, Doran, is a wise and simple and very rare bit of fantasy. It is for slightly older readers than those who claim her "Velveteen Rabbit," but it has much of the charm and skill that marks all her work. This is the story of an old wooden candlestick, beloved of the little boy who later grows up and is saved by his old wooden friend in time of need. We can think of no one, except Hans Andersen himself, who is able to invest inanimate objects with such romance and reality.

"The Sun's Diary," that delightful hodge-podge of fact, fancy, poetry, doggerel, old proverbs, and pithy sayings, which Elizabeth Coatsworth has made into a new almanack, we are beginning to find very necessary each morning. It has been brought out by the Macmillan Company with particularly gay and unusual decorations by Frank MacIntosh, whose black-and-white drawing of the January Snow-Boy is one of the nicest we have come across in a long time. There are at least three children of our acquaintance who ought to have our review copy, but we have decided to keep it ourselves. There is too much miscellaneous information, verse, and fun between its covers to encourage generosity.

THE BURGESS SEA SHORE BOOK FOR CHILDREN. By THORNTON W. BURGESS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by BEVERLEY W. KUNKEL
Lafayette College

THOSE who are familiar with "The Animal Book" and "The Bird Book" by Mr. Burgess will find this volume quite as fascinating and illuminating. Danny Meadow Mouse with his insatiable curiosity explores all the nooks and crannies along the sea shore and with the help of various wading birds as well as Jimmy Skunk and Reddy Fox accumulates a really large volume of information which will help anyone prying about the shores to identify with reasonable accuracy quite an array of invertebrate animals.

Very few readers of this book who are not professional zoölogists have any idea of the wealth of forms of inconspicuous animals which may be found between tide marks on the sea shore. In a well arranged appendix the author gives a list of nearly a hundred different kinds of animals which are referred to in the body of the book with their identifying marks.

There seems to be a high degree of accuracy in the facts presented, although the impression may be got at times that various species which occur quite widely separated from each other geographically are encountered by Danny Meadow Mouse just around the corner from each other. But this may be allowable in such a book which must be lively to maintain the interest of children.

A BOY SCOUT ROUND THE WORLD. By PALLE HULD. New York: Coward-McCann. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

SUMMON, please, the imagination and suppose yourself a fifteen-year-old Danish boy, dusting the automobile accessories in a Copenhagen store, reading that the newspaper *Politiken* desires to send a smart boy around the world next week, wresting permission from obtuse parents, and being chosen to celebrate Jules Verne's centenary by beating Phineas Fogg about the planet! Fairy-tales apparently still happen. Palle Huld starts, his pockets bulging with money, for Canada, Japan, Siberia, Warsaw, and home. The agents of publicity assure him a welcome at every stopping place. Fellow scouts greet him in a dozen languages. His homecoming is a triumph, and you can buy the book to see how long it took him.

The book itself is naturally a tagging of surfaces and a rushing on. But it is a dull reader who cannot enjoy things with this boy who managed to see so much and who gives honest and amusing reactions to the whirring landscape. Japan made the greatest hit; Japan did splendidly by the boy, from Admiral Togo down. But every page records a courtesy and one gets to feel with Palle that "the Scout is never without a home. He is sure of being received wherever he goes in the entire world." Probably it is because of the increasing number of modest, manly, and resourceful Scout travelers, like Palle, that this is so. No more stimulating book could be put in a boy's hands than this well-written and exciting record.

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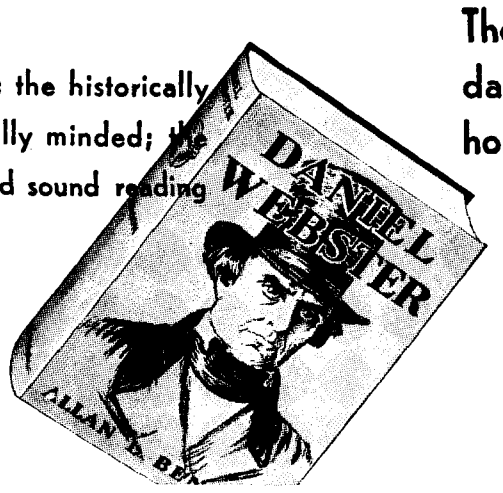

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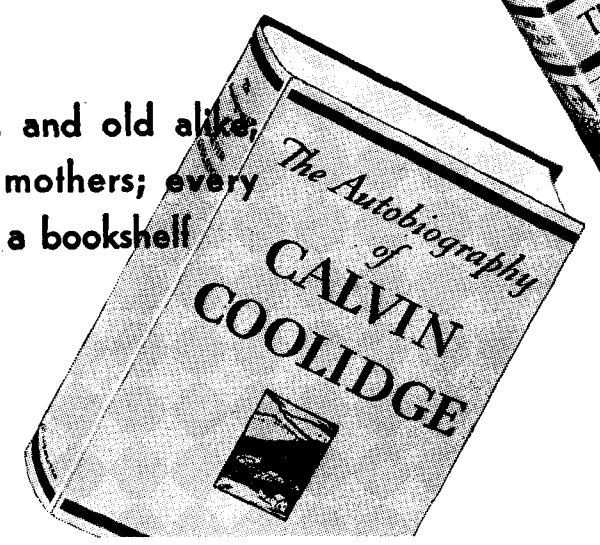

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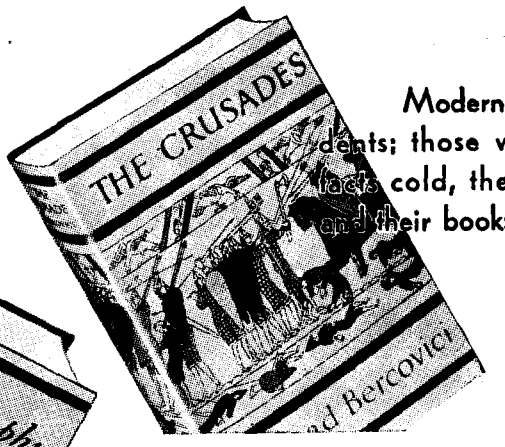

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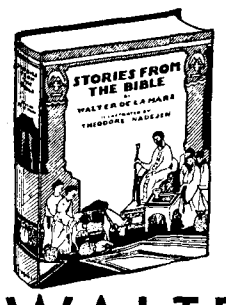

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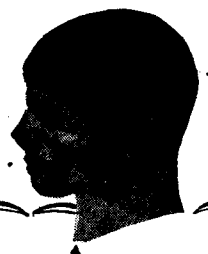

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This illustration shows Mrs. Eddy's birthplace at Bow, N. H. During her childhood and part of her later life

Mrs. Eddy lived in New Hampshire. Her parents, of Puritan ancestry, had been pioneers in the development of that State.

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Mary Baker Eddy

BY SIBYL WILBUR

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THE MAGIC OF BOOKS. A Book Week Anthology. By A. P. SANFORD and ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER. Dodd, Mead. 1929. $2.

Mrs. Sanford and Mr. Schauffler, who have already collaborated in the production of four anthologies of children's plays, now offer this one of a slightly different order. "This compilation," says Mr. Schauffler in his introduction, "aims to lighten the task of teachers and librarians by offering a wide selection of the best literature for use in the celebration of Book Week. It is undoubtedly to those in the two professions mentioned that the book will appeal, persons who are called upon for this and that for various and sundry occasions. The book is made up of this and that from various and sundry sources. The first section, which is called rather inappropriately "The Fun of Books," has quotations in prose and poetry which show in general an appreciation of books and of reading. There follow sections on "How to Read"; the "Story of Paper and Printing," far too dry and matter-of-fact a story of the colorful and romantic history of the printing art; "In the Library"; "What Books Can Do for Us"; three "Stories" of rather doubtful value; and, in sections VIII to X, the second half of the book, what we imagine will prove of the most help, "Plays and a Pageant," and "Projects and Programs."

INTRODUCTION TO CONTEMPORARY CIVILIZATION. By *Walter Libby*. Knopf.

MUSIC AND THE CULTIVATED MAN. By *Lawrence Gilman*. Rudge. $5.

BLACK ROADWAYS. By *Martha Warren Beckwith*. University of North Carolina Press. $3.

RELICS AND ANGELS. By *Hamilton Basso*. Macaulay. $2.50.

Biography

THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN CARLETON. Edited with an introduction by CYRIL HUGHES HARTMANN. Dutton. 1929. $5.

This chronicle, first published in 1728, purports to be the narrative of an English officer who, after long and honorable service in Flanders, Scotland, and Ireland, accompanied the Earl of Peterborough in his daring expedition into Spain in 1705, served as an engineer officer at the siege of Barcelona and elsewhere, was finally made prisoner at Denia, and remained in Spain as a prisoner of war until after the peace in 1713. The memoirs begin with Carleton's first experience of war at the naval battle of Solebay in 1672, but the greater part of the narrative is of the campaigns in Spain and the author's subsequent captivity, praise of Peterborough's genius and details of siege warfare alternating with sketches of Spanish life and descriptions of the principal cities of the Peninsula.

In 1742 and in 1808, the renewal of war in Spain brought forth new editions, the latter with a glowing introduction by Sir Walter Scott; and during the nineteenth century the "Memoirs of Captain Carleton" were several times reprinted among the writings of Defoe. This attribution, the present editor, Mr. C. H. Hartmann, has set himself to overthrow in a scholarly introduction in which he succeeds at least in showing that Captain George Carleton did exist, that his account of his ancestry and of his experiences is borne out by the records, and that there is no reason to doubt that the main outline of his story is substantially correct. With Lockhart's shrewd guess that Defoe reworked the rough journal of the artillery officer into literary form it is naturally more difficult to deal.

Whether or not Defoe had a hand in Carleton's memoirs, the book is not unworthy of him. The easy, lucid prose, the rapid narrative, the wealth of precise details, the clear vision, the humor, the satire, the strong common sense, the plain, matter-of-fact, off-hand manner which carries such immediate conviction, by all these marks one has learned to identify one of the greatest of English story-tellers. Wars in Spain are very far away nowadays, and few of us are interested in the rights of the Archduke Charles, in the quarrels of Whigs and Tories in the Cabinet of Queen Anne, or in whether the great Earl of Peterborough was so mad and so much of a liar as some people said he was, yet the memoirs of the captain who was interested in all these things remain as fresh and as absorbing as in the days when Walpole managed Parliament and Dr. Johnson sat up half the night to finish this very book.

Fiction

THE CONQUERORS. By ANDRÉ MALRAUX. Harcourt, Brace. 1929. $2.50.

This stirring novel of the time of the domination by Bolsheviks of the Nationalist Movement in Canton is written in a disjointed combination of narrative and diary, which produces somewhat the effect of a modernistic picture. While not always strictly accurate, it gives an idea of the confused interaction of genuine patriots, Bolsheviks, American-educated young Chinese Nationalists, patriots of the old, literary class, and terrorists in a land torn by civil war among self-seeking generals, but all striving to throw off the political, economic, and financial domination of the European residents in China.

The tale ends at a moment when the boycott against British goods, combined with a general strike of the Chinese in Hong Kong, seems to be causing the downfall of British supremacy, and gives no hint of the final success of British patience and tact.

The picture is not a pleasant one, as there is much murder, torture, and treachery, and it is not fair to the Chinese, as it shows too little of the higher ideals and real patriotism of many of the leaders. As a novel, however, it is exciting, and carries the reader along like a detective story. Unlike most books of this class, it is entirely without any "love interest." The descriptions seem to be given by one who lived in Canton during the thrilling times described, and the characters of the Bolshevik leaders are drawn with great skill.

THE WOMAN OF NAPLES. By MIKLOS SURANYI. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1929. $2.50.

This novel reminds one a little of certain seventeenth-century epics and tragedies, composed according to some imaginary recipe for a heroic poem. It has everything requisite for a historical novel except life. The setting is sixteenth-century Hungary under King Mathias Corvinus. There is a heroic king damned in a fair wife, there is a treacherous foreign queen, there are a count torn between love and honor, a jealous lady-in-waiting, messengers galloping to the Aragonese at Naples and the Sforza at Milan—everything necessary, one would think.

But the promised excitement never quite comes off. The queen is constantly plotting, and the king as constantly nipping her plots in the bud; for though whenever he appears in the book he is incredibly besotted on his faithless wife, while he is off-stage he always manages to detect her schemes and frustrate them. But plots that never ripen beyond the bud soon grow tiresome. There is more decisive action in the half-dozen pages of prologue and epilogue, giving the antecedent and succeeding events of history, than in the whole of the book proper.

And whenever there is action, it is suffocated by the mass of local and temporal color. There will be a scene consisting entirely of burghers or flagellants being picturesque and cinquecento, or some one will quote St. Jerome or the court genealogists, or a physician will discourse astrological medicine with an inconsequence no warrior king would have endured. The artist of the jacket has caught the spirit of the book in his drawing of a group of people in period costumes with no features on their faces.

MARRIAGE FOR TWO. By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE. Sears. 1929. $2.

This is a new Arthur Somers Roche novel by Arthur Somers Roche. The plot in this case hinges on a marriage that begins as "in name only" and ends as such marriages invariably do in fiction. The young millionaire hero is jilted by his fiancée for a multimillionaire, and to spite her he marries a strange girl whom he finds quietly starving on a bench in Central Park. The reader knows at once that they are really in love with each other a few minutes later, but they themselves are obligingly blind to the fact until the story has run its proper course. And the proper, although rather broad-minded, course carries them through plenty of luxury and dissipation and excitement to make up a fairly typical high-life novel. When the nominal husband decides to introduce his nominal wife to "the charm of the Old World," he takes her to Biarritz, where

(*Continued on page* 544)

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Plenty of Margin

By Amy Loveman

NOT collateral, of course, but plenty of margin in the choice of books. And if you are, by any chance, one of those persons of whom our acquaintances tell us who were startled out of their slumbers to be confronted by a telegram requesting that "you please have $——additional collateral at the bank by ten o'clock in the morning" you will probably feel that a book is the best gift you can make for Christmas. Oh, we know it's considered unethical to advertise books at the expense of other commodities and it's probably anti-Hoover, anti-Foster and Catchings not to suggest the building of a new home for your wife for your Christmas present to her, but still, in view of the recent depredations of the stock market, we think there's much to be said for the book that carries your greeting at small expense. "Choose a book, when you intended a car."

But, "the difficulty in life is the choice," as George Moore remarked. Well, perhaps we can reduce that difficulty a little by cataloguing and grouping some of the recent publications. Is it "children, wives, and grandsires hoary," for whom you desire a volume? Would you find a gift for your fair? (That's Shenstone adapted, but since we don't know how to place the quotation marks we've unblushingly appropriated it) Is it "merchant, lawyer, doctor, chief" to whom you would have some book carry your good wishes? We'll try to meet your needs.

To begin with the grandsires, though, to be sure, setting them apart is a purely arbitrary division. You remember Goldsmith's lines?

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

Still, presumably they will be interested in reading of those who like themselves have lived long and seen much of changes and chances,—long enough to know that falling markets and unorthodox manners and even altered morals are merely incidents in the streaming procession of life. They as well as their children and their children's children should find to their liking the volume in which Scribners have issued the final trilogy of "The Forsyte Saga" under the title, "The Modern Comedy," a volume in which Soames Forsyte completes his evolution from the shrewd, possessive individual who was the Man of Property of Galsworthy's first novel of the series to the wise and tragic hero of this last one. Here indeed, is one of the most distinguished works of fiction of recent years, and one which old age, with its long perspective on life and its developed taste, should find worthy of its attention. It should rejoice, too, in a presentation of itself so full of the benignity and mellowness of age as that in L. I. Crawford's "On the Anvil" (Morrow), a story which plays in the first half in a South American setting and carries its hero in the second over to Europe and the war, and which, always interesting, is lifted to genuine dignity through the personality of the grandfather there portrayed. Less lovable, but still a notable figure in her imperiousness, her fierce family pride, and the adulation bestowed upon her by her children is the grandmother who reigns supreme in Mazo de la Roche's "White Oaks of Jalna" (Little, Brown). And then, if you would have a biography rather than a novel to bestow upon your grandparent, there is "Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years" (Little, Brown) wherein Harriet Connor Brown has written down the reminiscences of a woman whose life embraced no striking events but stands out, if we may be permitted the paradox, by reason of its commonplace character. Here are the small happenings of an existence which reflected the usual rounds of a woman's life under circumstances which in retrospect are dramatic but which at the time of their occurrence were all in the day's work, small incidents which were part of the warp and the woof of America's development in the century that lies between 1827 and the present. The narrative is without any pretense at literary style, but carries by the interest of its detail.

But this will never do. Age, ripe age, looks not only backward but with still unquenched curiosity upon the present. Surely the old would quite as much as the young find food for their taste in such analyses of present-day civilization as James Truslow Adams's "Our Business Civilization" (Boni), Ralph Borsodi's "This Ugly Civilization" (Simon & Schuster), or Walter Lippmann's stimulating inquiry into the modern temper in his "A Preface to Morals" (Macmillan).

Have you perchance a friend whose interest centers in the theatre, one who when he feels his tightened purse ill fitted to indulge his fondness for the drama as presented on the boards would relish some book that deals with plays or actors? If so why not choose for him that volume issued by the Harvard University Press under the delectable title, "Pineapples of Finest Flavor," which contains hitherto unpublished letters of David Garrick, edited by David Mason Little? You remember, of course, that Goldsmith said of Garrick:

Our Garrick's a salad; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree!

and again

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.

There's a man to meet through his correspondence, surely. Or if you prefer the biography of a dramatist to that of an actor you have J. A. Hammerton's "Barrie: The Story of a Genius" (Dodd, Mead) or A. E. Zucker's "Ibsen, the Master Builder" (Holt) to choose between, or the life of that master novelist who was also a playwright, Dumas, whom Herbert Gorman has depicted in lively fashion in "The Incredible Marquis" (Farrar & Rinemart). Or mayhap your friend is more interested in the theatre as such than in the men and women who strut their little hour upon the stage or those who provide the vehicles for them? Well, here are books for your purpose, "Creative Theatre," by Roy Mitchell (Day), "The Theatre Guild," by Walter Prichard Eaton (Brentanos), a history of the organization, and "Box Office," by John Anderson (Cape-Smith), which those who would know what goes on in box-offices and among ticket speculators would do well to read. And then there's Sheldon Cheney's "The Theatre" (Longmans, Green), covering three thousand years of stage history, and steering a course from the singing of the Greeks—it was Lucian, you know, who spoke of dancing and singing in the heydey of the former as "the married pair"—to the art of Charlie Chaplin. The inimitable Charlie reminds us, too, that Gilbert Seldes has written a book on the "Movies and the Talkies" (Lippincott), and that again, for no reason at all, that Paul McPharlin has published "A Repertory of Marionette Plays" (Viking). Here in this latter book is a mine of fresh material—fresh, that is, at least for the average reader—surprisingly fascinating in content, and yielding in its amusing and sprightly dialogue insight into the puppet show at its best. You might supplement that for your friend with a copy of Helen Haiman Joseph's "Book of Marionettes" (Viking) of which a revised edition has just appeared.

We're not through yet with books for the theatre enthusiast, for there are still to be noted as possible gifts for him Kenneth MacGowan's "Footlights across America" (Harcourt, Brace), a history of the little theatre movement, and Alfred Harding's "The Revolt of the Actors" (Morrow), a chronicle of the struggle waged by Equity against the theatre managers. Poor man! We write on as though he could have no possible interest in fiction. And for the asking there are at least two novels that are cut to his very measure since they build their romance around actors. The first is J. B. Priestley's "The Good Companions" (Harpers), a zestful picaresque narrative recounting the fortunes of a group of seekers for adventure who band together as a company of strolling players and then separate to go their individual ways, and the other is "Hollywood Girl" (Simon & Schuster), by J. P. McEvoy. Those who have already made the acquaintance of Dixie Dugan in "Show Girl" will know how entertaining a book Mr. McEvoy's new tale is.

And now to the stage a long farewell. Let it make "a swan-like end, fading in music," which quotation we repeat purely and simply for the purpose of sliding gracefully into our next category. Your friend of the musical bent, what is there for him? If he be one of the elderly he will remember the days when James G. Huneker contributed to a daily paper musical criticism that was as well philosophical as esthetic, and he will doubtless, too, be familiar with that collection of delightful correspondence published after his death which revealed the man in his human relationship as well as in his professional sympathies. Why not send him "The Essays of James G. Huneker" (Scribners), which H. L. Mencken has selected, so that if his shelves contain nothing of the writing which once he admired he may have a representative gleaning from it? You might add to it the life of Beethoven, by Romain Rolland (Harpers), a work meeting with warm welcome from the public, and which, if you have ever read "Jean Christophe," you will know cannot but be interesting. For the friend whose musical tastes tend toward song rather than orchestral music you might select Sigmund Spaeth's "They Still Sing of Love" (Liveright), a collection of essays providing discussion not only of the songs of the last century with piquant excerpts from them but of music in its relation to contemporary life in general. And then there's Taylor Gordon's "Born to Be" (Covici-Friede), the biography of an American Negro who, against great odds, rose to fame as a spiritual singer.

Music, of course, leads us on to art, and the books which your friend whose interest lies in that field might desire. Something there is for almost every predilection,—for him whose taste is for illustration, Elizabeth Robins Pennell's "Life and Times of Joseph Pennell," (Little, Brown) for him whose preference goes to the old masters a one volume edition of the "Sandro Botticelli" (Hale, Cushman and Flint), by Yukio Yashiro, which in its original sumptuous three-volume form was beyond the purse of the average Christmas giver, and for him whose concern is primarily with present-day art, "Contemporary American Portrait Painters" (Norton), by Cuthbert Lee. If he would learn of Greece, mother of arts, give him "Magic Spades" (Holt), by R. V. D. Magoffin and Emily C. Davis, wherein he can read not only of the glorious past of Hellas, but of other ancient civilizations as well.

What, we wonder, would the Greeks say of the cities of the present? What of those that lie in the future? What have we ourselves to look forward to?

You thought not to destroy those valuable houses, standing fast, full of comfort, built with money.

We are destroying them, and apparently we are to destroy and rebuild yet further. If you have a friend to whom these things are of much concern, you can make your gift accord with his interest by sending him such a volume as Le Corbusier's "The City of Tomorrow" (Payson & Clarke), Hugh Ferriss's "The Metropolis of Tomorrow" (Washburn), or Stanislaw Szukalski's "Projects in Design" (Chicago). And you might add, by way of good measure, with any one of them, Henry Russell Hitchcock's "Modern Architecture" (Payson & Clarke). Then, whether he is particularly interested in architecture or not, he ought to enjoy Anita Brenner's "Idols behind Altars," which is at once a description of Mexican art as displayed in its buildings and an analysis of the soul of Mexico. It is a book worth reading and possessing.

But to return to the art-loving person whose interest is more in drawing and painting than in building *per se*. An excellent gift for such a one, or for anyone, for that matter, would be that innovation in the fiction of the season, a novel in woodcuts. A stunt, you say? Certainly it is, but when a stunt so supremely justifies itself as does this one it becomes an achievement. Mr. Lynd Ward in "Gods' Man" (Cape, Smith) has told his tale through a succession of pictures of truly remarkable quality and produced a book that can be regarded as an acquisition to any library. Just look at the illustration we reproduce on another page and see whether you don't think our enthusiasm is justified. But you don't have to stop with this book; there are a number of others you can send with it if your purse keeps pace with your affection. There's "Drawings and Paintings," by Joan Manning-Sanders (Rudge), for one—a book which displays a precocious talent—, and for another, "Steichen the Photographer" (Harcourt, Brace), a volume in which Carl Sandburg has supplied a commentary on the magnificent photographs (many of them taken for advertising purposes) which form the major part of the book. Would you add a novel to your gifts just as a fillip to enjoyment? Well, there's Virginia Hersch's "Bird of God" (Harpers), a tale with Spain of the Inquisition as background and El Greco as hero, and not at all in the spirit of the advertising the publishers are misadvisedly doing of it. Finally, if you would round out your selections for your art-loving friend with a volume that would supply historical setting for his visits to galleries, you might bestow upon him David Loth's "Lorenzo the Mag-

(*Continued on page* 545)

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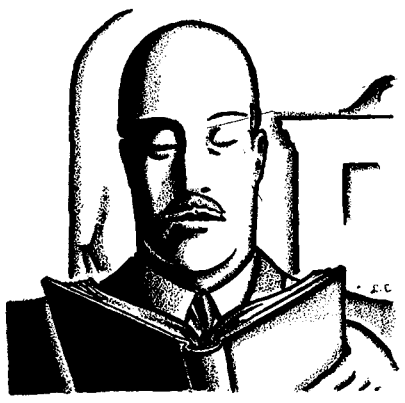

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 540)

they spend most of their time in the Casino. His former fiancée reappears with her wealthy admirer, and things, including a murder, begin to happen with energy and precision. After almost every possible device to keep the married couple out of each other's arms, and after pages and pages of conversation, the author finally capitulates and conjugality has its way.

HOW AMUSING! and a Lot of Other Fables. By DENIS MACKAIL. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $3.

These short stories are really funny; only the most unbending and standoffish readers will fail to be amused. Mr. Mackail presents in this volume thirty stories of gay, carefree London—the London of bright young things, of fearfully bored young things, and of crotchety old codgers in clubs—as well as the London that we all know and that most of us love. When Mr. Mackail sends his characters to Victoria for the boat train, they *go* to Victoria, to its peculiar smells and peculiar agitations. Similarly, when Mr. Mackail takes his Mr. B. W. Aitchison on the top of a bus to Epping Forest, why, confound it all, we are there, too, lurching and beaming and enjoying ourselves immensely. This infallible place-consciousness is only one of Mr. Mackail's talents, but it is one of his more valuable. His humor may be classified as generally of the Wodehouse school, but it is never derivative or imitative; it is solidly and freshly his own. For the rest, Mr. Mackail is suave, intelligent, and well bred. He has many strings to his bow, and quick changes of temper and pace from one story to another prevent any suspicion of monotony.

Seriously, this is the book to give to the departing traveler, to the convalescent, or, better yet, to keep by our own bedside. The only difficulty will be in deciding which is the most entertaining story: we tentatively suggest that honors are even between "As You Dislike It" and "The Discoveries at Buz." Clearly, "How Amusing!" is exactly what the doctor ordered.

THREE. By PAMELA FRANKAU. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2. .

Shorn of its bright superficialities and boiled down to essentials, this novel is but another variation on the venerable triangle theme. Janet James is twenty-seven, a perfectly respectable English business-woman who, on becoming engaged to David Dalziel, cavalry major, goes alone to Florio, an obscure resort of the Italian Riviera, there to pass the intervening three months before their marriage. The social life of Florio is dominated by a colony of dissolute British expatriates, among whom are a few fast members of the native aristocracy, and it is with the most conspicuous of the latter, Count Ferini, that Janet falls recklessly in love. Invalided from the navy, a perversely magnetic youth, Ferini so profoundly infatuates Janet that she takes up her abode at his villa and lives with him in sin. When rumors of the scandal reach Dalziel in England, he journeys anxiously to Florio, hears the shameful truth of the affair from his fiancée, gallantly forgives the error, and assures her that their marriage shall be consummated just as if everything were still the same between them. That's about all there is to the story, but it is extremely well told, and shows decided improvement in the writing of Gilbert Frankau's promising daughter.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop appears on pages* 536 *and* 538.)

WONDER TALES OF BIBLE DAYS. ELMA EHRLICH LEVINGER. Jewish Publication Society. 1929. $2.

For these wonder tales, Mrs. Levinger has gone into a territory which will be refreshingly new to large number of readers—the Jewish Talmud and Mildrash—and has gathered together rabbinic legends of Jewish wise men and heroes, who are, however, wise men and heroes not alone to the Jews, for Abraham and Moses, Joseph and David, Solomon and Elijah belong to the world. Here we have stories which have been imagined to fill in "the blank spaces where the writers of the Bible are silent." The lavish eastern mind from which these imaginings sprang has made them glow with rich colors and embroidered them with all the vivid details which are characteristic of other stories that have a similar background. Not infrequently we are reminded of those other eastern wonder tales, "The Arabian Nights."

Mrs. Levinger has been particularly skilful in telling her stories simply and in familiar language while keeping the dignity of the subjects intact. These are indeed "stories which every child in every country should enjoy reading today."

KASPERLE'S ADVENTURES. By JOSEPHINE SIEBE. Macmillan. 1929. $3.50.

Here is a German Pinocchio, long popular at home and now presented for the first time to American children through the excellent translation of Florence Geiser. More slapstick and hilarious than his great rival, Kasperle is bound to make an individual place for himself.

The setting of the story is in the Black Forest, and the people, the landscapes, and the villages are intimately and lovingly portrayed. Kasperle has many mischievous and laughable adventures which are admirably set off by the illustrator, Frank Dobias. The book is altogether attractive for a child of any age.

SOPHIE, THE STORY OF A BAD GIRL. By MADAME DE SÉGUR. Knopf. 1929. $1.75.

Among the many translations offered in the autumn's list appears "Sophie," long beloved in France in her familiar red covers of the Librairie Rose. Madame de Ségur is the author of the popular "Memoirs of a Donkey." Sophie, with her naïve capacity for surprise at the untoward consequences of her deeds, should be equally interesting to American children.

The book is piquantly illustrated by M. W. Barney with the pantaletted costumes of the period in which it was written, and will appeal to children between the ages of four and eight.

THE STORY OF A CAT. Translated from the French of EMILE DE LA BEDOLLIÈRE by THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $1.75.

This tale was first translated by Thomas Bailey Aldrich in 1878 for the benefit of his children. Happily, this modern reprint will give the modern child an opportunity to enjoy the charming story.

Aldrich fairly caught the atmosphere of formality and elegance of the French style that adds so much charm to the tale of Moumouth. Moumouth is an alley cat who leads a hunted life at the hands of the small boys of the neighborhood till chance throws him in the way of a countess. Her heart is still sore at the untimely death of a beloved ape, and though there is nothing much to recommend Moumouth except his large sea-green and intelligent eyes, she takes him to her bosom. The treachery of a jealous steward nearly brings about another tragedy, but Moumouth is happily spared to a ripe old age. The story is illustrated with the spirited silhouettes by L. Hopkins which appeared in the original publication.

NOISY NORA. By HUGH LOFTING. Stokes. 1929.

The device of holding the glaring faults of childhood up to their own derision was brought to a high pitch by Gillett Burgess in his well-beloved "Goop Book." Mr. Lofting, with "Noisy Nora," has created a sort of super-Goop all his own.

Nora's difficulty is that she insists on eating noisily. "Some people said that it sounded like a seal coming up for air; others that it reminded them of the sea breaking against the rocks on a stormy night; others said that if they shut their eyes they would think it was a herd of cattle trampling home through the mud." We are not surprised to find after such a vivid description that Nora is rejected not only of men, but also of beasts! Finally, her total isolation from all living creatures brings her to her senses, and she repents and mends her ways. Mr. Lofting has not only illustrated the book, but he has also printed it himself in large round letters. So the whole work can be personally enjoyed by the very young, to their own pleasure and, we hope, to their certain profit.

THE LITTLE STAR-GAZER. By LINDA WHITTIER MACDONALD. Murray. 1929.

It is not difficult to interest children in the stars,—most of them have been shown Orion and the Big Dipper,—but to expect seven-year-olds to discover by themselves the less obvious constellations, even with the aid of Linda MacDonald's clear illustrations and descriptions, is like asking them to find the republic of San Marino on the map of Europe. Moreover, when the nights are warm enough to lie upon one's back and comfortably study the heavens, bedtime comes before the stars are visible.

In the fall and spring, however, the understanding parent can get and give much enjoyment by taking "The Little Star-Gazer" as a guide and conducting small son or daughter along the Milky Way, a fascinating and wonderful journey too seldom experienced.

JANE'S FATHER. By DOROTHY ALDIS. Minton, Balch. 1929. $2.

Children's books that intend to be funny are often very hard to bear. Dorothy Aldis, however, exhibits a bubbling sense of humor that carries her straight through the book.

Jane's father is a most amusing person and, while Jane loves him for it, she does wish sometimes that he would act like other people. Any little girl with a sense of responsibility for her father (and what little girl hasn't it?) will sympathize with Jane's desire to have her father do the right thing. So Jane and her mother devise ways of curing him of his foibles till, at last, he outwits them and cures them of curing him! It's all quite hilarious and jolly and will appeal to any small person from six up.

FLAGS. By GRACE HUMPHREY. Bobbs-Merill. 1929. $2.

This book is a delightful contribution to a child's historical library. Indeed, it should prove of value also as a reference book in geography study,—something teachers will appreciate.

It is not only a history of the flags of all the world,—how they came to their present form and color—but it is a story book of legend and tradition as well, and a stirring record of what patriotism has meant throughout the ages.

Children will enjoy, too, painting in the correct colors on the black and white illustrations of the flags, which added attraction makes it an especially acceptable gift book.

GINEVRA. By VIRGINIA WATSON. Dut-. ton. 1929. $2.50.

Ginevra is rather startlingly heralded by the publishers as the "girl d'Artagnan." The title is not wholly misapplied, for certainly this heroine shares much of the gusto and resilience of the redoubtable hero. Disguised as a young cavalier, she departs from her home to seek her fortune. Her way leads through seventeenth-century Venice to the harem of a Sultan and from there to the New World, where this much harassed damsel has a brief but idyllic respite with the savages she finds there.

If the enthusiastic author sometimes errs on the side of bad taste through her love of colorful words, much may be forgiven her for her ability to keep an exciting tale rattling to the end.

JUNIPER GREEN. By MARY WILLARD KEYES. Longmans, Green. 1929. $2.50.

There are few extremely good books for boys written by women and this is not one of them. It is a mild tale of a mysterious and striking old man who suddenly appears in a New England village. His pride and aloofness and his refusal to make known his past make him the focal point of conflicting gossip. But his fascinating stories of life in far places and at different times, his knowledge of woodcraft, and his high ideals of honor and of courage have made him a favorite among the boys of the town with whom he is less reserved and who in return defend him loyally against all unsavory rumors. The reader is at length made a party to the tragedy of Captain Horatio's past and through the efforts of his devoted young followers he is finally established in the good graces of the community.

The book is self-conscious in spots, carelessly written, and leaves a somewhat confused impression; it lacks the emphasis which would make it well-rounded and clear-cut.

CHATT ROLAND. By LINWOOD L. RIGHTER. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

Last fall Mr. Righter's "Junior Starke, Poundman" introduced the New Jersey coast and its fishermen strikingly and effectively. "Chatt Roland" employs the same setting and two of the older characters. Chatt himself is a newcomer. As a game warden he turns out to be a boy marvel with superlative nerve, ability, morals, and command of science, not to mention stamina; and it must be admitted he needs all these qualities in his war against the fish pirates. The pirates never come into focus, remaining as impersonal as a sea-current, but providing plenty of undertow. Cap'n Eb is the creation of the book, an old Coast Guard patrolman, with iron-gray hair, bronze cheeks, and a steel glance, very durable, also very lovable. His rôle is to act as Chatt's life-preserver. No one can complain of lack of action in this campaign against the poachers. Each chapter ends with a whip crack of suspense that goads one on. But Mr. Righter's first book was better; it had the advantage of being less exciting and more credible. It had been carried longer in the heart. It is to be hoped that a writer with these gifts of characterization and with so much to say will not become merely a two-book-a-year producer.

(*Continued on page* 546)

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Plenty of Margin

(*Continued from page 542*)

nificent" (Brentanos). Oh, yes, and we nearly forgot a most interesting book that he in common with any of your friends who are interested in early nineteenth century England might well enjoy—the "Autobiography of Benjamin Robert Haydon," edited by Alexander P. D. Penrose, and published by Minton, Balch.

And now, having dispatched the art lovers, we move on to another group. "Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief?" Doctor it is. But it's not learned medical tomes that we are about to suggest that you send to your physician. We don't know any of them in the first place, and in the second that would be to afford him a bus man's holiday. No, we're inclined to believe he would much more welcome from you something germane to his interests, but not of a strictly professional nature,—such a book, for instance, as "The Layman Looks at Doctors" (Harcourt, Brace), by S. W. and J. T. Pearce (pseudonyms, we believe), in which a young woman recounts her experiences at the hands of psychiatrists, or Dr. Herbert Spencer Dickey's "Misadventures of a Tropical Medico" (Dodd, Mead), or "Four-Square" (Macmillan), by John Oliver Rathbone, a fourfold autobiography in that its author is a criminologist, a physician, a priest, and a teacher. And first and foremost in interest for the medical man, and hardly less likely to appeal to the person of literary proclivities, is "Weir Mitchell: His Life and Letters" (Duffield), by Anna Robeson Burr. Weir Mitchell, you will remember (at least you will remember if you are of that generation which had reached full maturity before the war), was not only the author of some of the most popular novels of his day, but was the Mecca (if a man can be a Mecca) of all the weary society women and overstrained—at least all the plutocratic, overstrained—neurotics of his time. His "rest cure" was as famous as his "Hugh Wynne," and his witticisms and barbed asperities as renowned as either. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh." And the new generation, as we found out the other day when we began to speak to one among it of him, knows not even the name of Weir Mitchell. Perhaps Miss Burr will help to resuscitate a striking personality with her book, which is informed, understanding, and appreciative. Send it along to your medically inclined friend (who, even if he is of the young generation, will start with some knowledge of its subject), and with it "Medical Leaders" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Samuel W. Lambert and George W. Godwin. Or if you prefer for some reason to bestow a slightly different type of book upon him, select "TheMystery and Art of the Apothecary" (Lippincott), by C. J. S. Thompson, and supplement it with a more personal narrative like "A Frontier Doctor" (Houghton Mifflin), by Henry F. Hoyt.

We seem to be making slow headway with our suggestions. And time goes on apace. "Oh, that my words were now written! oh, that they were printed in a—," no, not in a book. Heaven forbid! we should be adding one more to the multitude that now vex our soul. Would that they were printed in this sheet! But we must refrain from this Scriptural quotation. We know that "even the—" No, we won't finish the line.

Your legal friend is the next on our docket. We won't have to tarry long over him, for we have a nicely assorted collection of books all prepared in our mind of which you may give him any or all, or any two in combination, as you choose. Here they are: "The Dissenting Opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes" (Vanguard), arranged by Alfred Lief and preceded by an interesting introduction by George W. Kirchwey, a book of large import as reflecting the wise, humane, and progressive spirit of one of America's most liberal as well as most venerable jurists; the new popular edition of Albert J. Beveridge's "Life of John Marshall" (Houghton Mifflin), admittedly one of the best biographies of recent years; "Edward Coke: Oracle of the Law" (Houghton Mifflin), by Hastings Lyon, a volume full of most fascinating historical sidelights which requires no propensity for the law to make it absorbing reading; "For the Defense," by Edward Marjoribanks, a biography which is immensely popular in England, where the persuasive tongue and pungent personality of its subject, Sir Edward Marshall Hall, were until recently daily compelling interest, and, just to show that we don't believe lawyers any less eager than the rest of us to read mystery and detective stories, or puzzle over imaginary crimes, Dorothy L. Sayer's excellently selected "Omnibus of Crime" (Payson & Clarke) and "The Second Baffle Book" (Doubleday, Doran). There, we said we'd make short shrift of the lawyers, and we have. But if the law thinks we haven't taken as much trouble in selecting these few books as in getting together longer lists for other professions, then, in the immortal words of Mr. Bumble, "if the law supposes that, the law is a ass, a idiot."

We fear that our love for Dickens has led us into vehemence, and vehemence that has no ground other than to do Dickens the homage of quoting him. Well, further to quote him, "the bearings of this observation lays in the application on it," which is to say that we merely mean to say that we think we've corralled in a short list an exceedingly interesting group of books for those of a legal turn of mind.

Who comes next? "Doctor, lawyer, merchant—" Merchant! an elastic term that for our present purposes, since we use it here as synonymous with businessman. Alas, poor businessman! Has he still stomach for reading of money and speculation? Try him on "A History of Financial Speculation" (Little, Brown), by R. H. Mottram (yes, the author of "The Spanish Farm"; he is a London bank clerk in his unliterary incarnation, an exceedingly interesting chronicle to which will doubtless some day be added its most spectacular chapter. Or send him "High Finance in the Sixties" (Yale University Press), edited by Frederick C. Hicks, which recounts episodes in the early history of the Erie Railroad. Or, if you think he will be more interested in a different aspect of financial development, give him Hiram Motherwell's "The Imperial Dollar" (Brentanos), or "The Story of Money" (Stokes), a discussion of its origin and evolution by Norman B. Angell. Mr. Angell, incidentally, seems to us to be more hard used by fate than almost anyone we know of. In 1914, when everyone was reading his "The Great Illusion" and dwelling on his demonstration of the fact that nations could no longer fight, since economic considerations rendered battle impossible, the World War broke out to make wreck of his contentions. And now, about six weeks ago, he brought out a financial game entitled "The Money Game," and promptly the stock market sank like a plummet, so that the poor game was stillborn.

The inexorable bottom of the page is but a few paragraphs below. We must haste us, and not linger over reminiscence. Here is our final suggestion for your business friend whose ilk is showing that even in tribulation it can enjoy a joke at its own expense. Send him (he will smile even while he sighs) Eddie Cantor's "Caught Short" (Simon & Schuster), Joseph Anthony's "The Lost Shirt" (Brentanos), or "Sold Out!" (Vanguard), by Edward D. Sullivan.

We have now reached the chief in prescribing books as Christmas gifts for the various categories of your friends. What do we mean by the chief? Aye, there's the rub. Oh, no, we don't mean the husband and father for whom, incidentally, there are such books to be had as "The Art of Making a Perfect Husband," cannily published anonymously by Harpers, or "On Being a Father," by E. M. and K. M. Walker (Norton), or the anthology compiled by Maud Van Buren and Katharine I. Bemis, entitled "The Father in Modern Story" (Century). We don't mean him at all, or yet the head of big enterprise. We mean the man whose interest is in political and historical fields and who, would fate let him live out his dreams, would center all his efforts on affairs of state. If his proclivities are for diplomacy in especial, send him the "Letters of Sir Cecil Spring Rice" (Houghton Mifflin), edited by Stephen Gwyn, a mine of revealing correspondence on the personalities and events of a career laid in many places and particularly rich in Roosevelt material, or Willis Fletcher Johnson's "George Harvey: Passionate Patriot" (Houghton Mifflin), a biography full of matter bearing upon events of recent and large import, and vivified by the vigorous personality of its subject, or T. Bentley Mott's "Ambassador Herrick" (Doubleday, Doran), a book which surprised us by being able to hold our attention as much while chronicling the early career of our Envoy to France as when recording the experiences of his war years in that country.

Ah, but here we see our end before us. No, we can't do it; we can't compress the rest of our list of books for your friends into the space at our disposal. There's but one thing for it—to stop abruptly.

(*To be continued in our next issue*)

THE DUSTY HIGHWAY By Christine Whiting Parmenter — By the author of "SILVER RIBBONS"

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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 544)

Juvenile

JANE AND JERRY. By EDNA WHITEMAN. Nelson. 1929.

Miss Whiteman's title — Instructor of Story Telling, Carnegie Library—promises a more than ordinary knowledge of her field. And, indeed, the story of "Jane and Jerry" is as carefully conceived and presented as though she were telling it to a row of carping eight-year-old critics in person.

It is a tale of a pair of convincingly lifelike twins who, though orphaned and condemned at first to an asylum, find their way at last to a real home. An adult reader might think that some of the adult decisions in the book are remarkably unwise, coming as they do from a seemingly enlightened pair; but Miss Whiteman knows with what resignation the members of her audience accept such lapses in their own lives and counts on their indulgence in this case. The same audience will doubtless thoroughly enjoy the detailed account of the games that the twins and their friends play together on their holiday, leaving the criticism, "mere repetitious filling," to those same ignorant elders.

The type design and the chapter initials are crisp and pleasant.

ANIMALS IN BLACK AND WHITE. Vol. 5, Reptiles; Vol. 6, Fishes and Sea Animals. By ERIC FITCH DAGLISH. Morrow. 1929. $1.25 each.

Each of these volumes consists of twenty-four artistic wood-cuts of animals with a page of descriptive natural history opposite. The facts seem to be quite accurate and the drawings most satisfactory. American children may be a bit puzzled over some of the British names which are not used in this country, but by the same token they will gain a broader knowledge. Certainly their esthetic sense will be satisfied by the art of the illustrations.

A MAP OF CHILDREN EVERYWHERE. By *Ruth Hambidge*. Day. $2.50.

THE SEW-IT BOOK. By *Rachel Taft-Dixon*. Rand-McNally. $1.

TWISTUM TALES. By *Esther M. Ames*. Rand, McNally. $1.

Miscellaneous

HOW TO SPEAK EFFECTIVELY. By *George Eric Peabody*. Wiley.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY? By *Guy B. H. Logan*. Duffield. $3.50.

FROM THE PHYSICAL TO THE SOCIAL SCIENCES. By *Jacques Rueff*. Translated by *Herman Green*. Johns Hopkins Press. $2.

THE INTERNATIONAL ASPECTS OF ELECTRICAL COMMUNICATIONS IN THE PACIFIC AREA. By *Leslie Bennett Tribolet*. Johns Hopkins Press. $2.50.

PATIO GARDENS. By *Helen M. Fox*. Macmillan. $6.

WALL STREET AND WASHINGTON. By *Joseph Stagg Lawrence*. Princeton University Press. $5.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN LOST! By *Thomas Clement Longerman*. Putnam. $3.50.

THE MARCH OF LIFE. By *Elizabeth H. Dewart*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.

THE MAN WITHOUT MERCY. By *Concordia Merel*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

ECONOMIC RESOURCES AND INDUSTRIES OF THE WORLD. By *Isaac Lippincott*. Appleton. $5.

LOVE THE LAW OF LIFE. By *Toyohiko Kagawa*. Winston.

COBBETT'S CYCLOPEDIC LIBRARY OF CHAMBER MUSIC. Compiled and edited by *Walter Willson Cobbett*. Oxford University Press.

HAVELOCK ELLIS. Edited by *Joseph Ishill*. Privately published by the Oriole Press, Berkeley Heights, N. J.

THE TRAVELLER'S LIBRARY. Cape-Smith. $1 each.

POCKET CLASSICS. Macmillan. 11 vols. 60 cents each.

MY LIFE OF MAGIC. By *Howard Thurston*. Dorrance. $2.50.

THE GUIDING LIGHT ON THE GREAT HIGHWAY. By *Robert F. Dearden, Jr.* Winston.

FROM NUDITY TO RAIMENT. By *Hilaire Hiler*. New York: Weyle.

Poetry

COLLECTED POEMS. By RICHARD ALDINGTON. Covici, Friede. 1928. $3.

Richard Aldington is known to American readers as a many-sided literary man. His translations are greatly esteemed, his critical writings are highly respected, his first novel is at present arousing much comment, and his original poetry has been admired by the discriminating ever since the autumn of 1912, when the first specimens of it appeared in the then new *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*.

As any thoughtful reader can guess, Mr. Aldington has for a good many years suffered from conflicting desires. Endowed with the capacity for scholarship and at the same time with a creative impulse sufficiently strong to survive the deadly routine of scholarly activities, he has endured a war of the spirit which inevitably leaves its marks upon much of his work. Despite his firm and intimate knowledge of the Greeks, he has failed in his own life to attain harmony. All his life he has been a rebel, not only against himself but against the civilization of which he is a part. He belongs to the tradition of Englishmen who oppose everything English, and who, in doing so, exhibit the most doggedly English aspects of their personalities.

Those who read Mr. Aldington's novel, "Death of a Hero," will learn much of his personal background and temperamental difficulties. And those who go through his "Collected Poems" will find, expressed lyrically, the same material. Both novel and poems present a vital picture of an intellectual artist struggling with twentieth-century existence. The early Imagist poems remain beautiful and effective in spite of the present tendency away from pure Imagism; the more conventional lyrics of "Exile" remind us that Mr. Aldington is a skilled craftsman who can recreate the felicities of older English poetry with absolute ease; the phantasmagoric symphony, "A Fool in the Forest," (which in spite of its debt to "The Waste Land" is a brilliant and important poem) gives us the poet at his most versatile best, and at the same time illustrates more clearly than any biography could, the balanced and never-ending conflict between Aldington the scholar and Aldington the poet, with Aldington the man as innocent victim.

These "Collected Poems" are, for several reasons, important, and they must be classed with the collected poems of Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, and D. H. Lawrence, as the exciting record of a superior modern life.

Religion

WHILE PETER SLEEPS. By E. BOYD BARRETT. Washburn. 1929. $3.

Mr. E. Boyd Barrett is the ex-Jesuit who in "The Jesuit Enigma" vividly pictured the order of Loyola as to-day a kind of charnel-house of mouldering customs and antiquated loyalties. In "While Peter Sleeps"—a daring title, once its full meaning is understood—he, although still a Catholic, turns his reformatory guns upon the Church itself. "In writing outspoken, frank things about the Church to which I belong," he says, "I am departing from present-day usage. Usage sanctions criticism, even severe criticism, of the Church's behavior at epochs *in the past* . . . but it demands of Catholic writers that there be conveyed a suggestion that 'all is well with the Church to-day.'" In opposition to this suggestion Mr. Barrett asserts, and italicizes, the assertion, that the Church "*is in dire need of reform.*"

For the author's courage and honesty of purpose one can have only respect; as to his wisdom, that, of course, is open to question. "The Jesuit Enigma" for the most part carried conviction, in its trenchant attack upon ultra-conservatism, by its appeal to facts known through the author's direct experience. "While Peter Sleeps" deals with theory and rests upon no stronger basis than the author's own views. These are apparently scattered, but are really unified by an underlying liberal philosophy, implied but nowhere explicitly stated, much less defended. He deplores the Church's continued emphasis upon what he rather wittily calls "Hell's Waning Prestige"; he deplores the celibacy of the priesthood; he deplores the theoretical denial of divorce, coupled with its actual permission; he deplores the Church's attitude toward sex; he deplores the centralization of power in Rome. But he believes that none of these evils is fundamental in the being of the Catholic Church. He is theoretically right in this, but in actually thinking that there is much likelihood of change, he is probably far too hopeful. And in regard to two of his demands he has yielded over-readily to democratic arguments. The constitution of things necessitates some division of labor, and experience seems to show that priests, like philosophers, are best unmarried. And the beneficent position of the Catholic Church to-day as the only force which is super-national would be gravely imperilled if Mr. Barrett's ideal of a semi-autonomous American Church, for instance, were ever realized. Mr. Barrett seems essentially more Protestant than Catholic in his disposition, more of a moralist than a philosopher; hence it is a pity that his book is more likely to be read by Protestants who will be strengthened by it in their prejudices, than by Catholics who might profit from its criticism.

BIBLICAL ANTHROPOLOGY: Compared with and illustrated by the Folklore of Europe and the Customs of Primitive Peoples. By H. J. D. ASTLEY. Oxford University Press. 1929. $4.50.

This volume is dislocated from significance by at least a quarter of a century. Animism, tabu, Alcheringa, Arunta, J. G. Frazer, Yahweh, and J, give the lines of its formula, and even the *jus primæ noctis* is not forgotten; there are also quotations from Shakespeare, Shelley, and the "Child's Garden of Verses." Since the heavier weight of the exegesis is derived from the wisdom of the tribes of the austral hemisphere, one might with some propriety regard the volume as representing a Blackfellow commentary on the Scriptures,—colored, of course, with the assumption that human nature is one and that its highest measures are its lowest customs. Fortunately there are saving exceptions (from the point of view of one's jealousy of deeper than Nordic pigmentation), permitting some contribution to the world's religious understanding even to the modern white, in his more naïve outlands.

I spoke at the commencement of this study of a modern aspect of tree-worship, *tree-culture* rather than *tree-cult*, in which it may be of great practical value, and not merely interesting for the study of early folk-lore and folk-religion. It may be, and probably is, too late to galvanize the customs connected with May Day into new life (but I suggest at least a try-out in Hollywood!), and when they have died out it is impossible to revive them. But a younger nation, one that has no associations with a past more than three hundred years back, has shown the way to a practical expression of a love for trees, and one that may bear good and useful fruit in the future. As I pointed out in a letter some years ago to the *Morning Post*, it is to the New World, to the United States of North America, that it has been left to establish a new vernal festival under the name of Arbor Day. This is the more remarkable, for, as Sir George Birdwood has said, among the Protestant Anglo-Saxons of North America the historical tradition of the divinity of the tree would naturally be weak.

North American readers will puzzle regretfully over the omission from this context of "Woodman, spare that tree," but the reviewer may assure them that there are few such oversights in the opus. There will still remain, however, for North Americans some wonder as to why the Oxford Press should have given to the work its imprimatur.

THE GENESIS OF THE SOCIAL GOSPEL. By *Chester Charlton McCown*. Knopf. $4.

MYSTERIES OF THE SOUL. By *Richard Müller Freienfels*. Knopf. $5.

RESTLESSNERS AND REALITY. By *George A. Miller*. Abingdon Press. $1.

MYSTICAL LIFE OF JESUS. By *H. Spencer Lewis*. San Jose, Calif.: Rosicrucian Press. $2.90 net.

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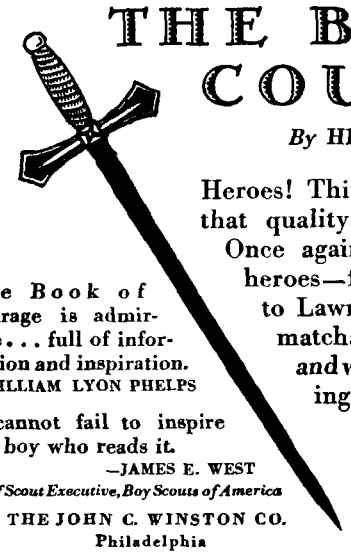

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

G. P. B., Paso Robles, California, is looking for books on weaving, for the use of a friend who, threatened with total deafness, is advised to take up some form of craft work. A list of such books is desired, and especially the name of a large book on the subject of which I have spoken in this column.

THE large book is no doubt "The Shuttlecraft Book of American Hand Weaving," by Mary M. Atwater (Macmillan), which covers every branch of its subject with detailed direction and a great many excellent pictures. This book would do for a beginner or as an addition to a library of textile books; a less expensive work is "Weaving for Beginners," by Luther Hooper (Pitman), which includes instructions for making and mounting a hand loom. "Foot Power Loom Weaving," by E. F. Worst (Bruce), is a large, well-printed, and fully illustrated manual for the amateur.

There are a number of excellent books combining information for the collector with advice for the worker. "Handmade Rugs," by Ella Shannon Bowles (Little, Brown), is one of the most comprehensive of these, covering all types; "Homecraft Rugs," by Lydia LeBaron Walker (Stokes), describes materials and methods, with directions for preserving antique specimens, and some historical data. "Collecting Hooked Rugs," by Elizabeth Waugh and Edith Foley (Century), is a guide to the origin, development, and present money-value of these American products. "The Book of Handwoven Coverlets," by the novelist, Eliza Calvert Hall (Little, Brown), who is also a connoisseur in this line, is an unusually interesting record of what we have accomplished in this fascinating field. Two useful little books are accompanied with clear pictures: "The Craft of Handmade Rugs," by Amy Mali Hicks (McBride), and "Hooked Rugs and How to Make Them," by A. M. Phillips (Macmillan).

R. B., Parramatta, Australia, asks if McKerrow's "Introduction to Bibliography" has been published in the United States, and for books on book-collecting in its various aspects.

"INTRODUCTION to Bibliography," by R. B. McKerrow, a standard work for literary students, is published in America by the Oxford University Press; it costs six dollars. The comprehensive "Bibliography: Practical, Enumerative, Historical," by H. B. Van Hoesen and F. K. Walter (Scribner), costs seven-fifty; "The Golden Book," by D. C. McMurtrie, six dollars from Covici; this is the story of fine book-making, so told as to interest a general reader as well as a specialist. "This Book Collecting Game," by A. Edward Newton (Little, Brown), costs five dollars. A bookseller on Charing Cross Road told me last year that his fraternity could afford to set up a statue to the author of "The Amenities of Book-Collecting" out of the American money it had turned into their business. G. H. Sargent's "A Busted Bibliophile and His Books" (Little, Brown, $4.50), "Master Makers of the Book," by William Dana Orcott (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), and the same author's "In Quest of the Perfect Book" and "The Kingdom of Books" (Little, Brown, $5 each), with Dr. Rosenbach's "Books and Bidders" (Little, Brown, $5), provide the book-collector with a fund of experience gathered by successful practitioners.

For the complete beginner there are now several introductions that will save him false starts. John T. Winterich's "Primer of Book Collecting" (Greenberg) is one, especially if used with his wise little book, "Collector's Choice" (Greenberg). "The Elements of Book Collecting," by Iolo A. Williams (Stokes), is another good beginning. "Byways among English Books," by Cyril Davenport (Stokes), deals with illustrated books, bindings, miniature books, bookplates, and other collector's matters; it concentrates on a few points in each subject and brings them out well; the illustrations are redrawn to fit the page, giving it a tidier appearance than by fitting in photographs of various shapes and sizes. The latest development in these manuals (none of those I have named cost more than three dollars) is the preparation of guides to modern and other first editions, of which H. S. Boutell's "First Editions of To-day and How to Tell Them" (Lippincott, $1) is one; "Buying and Selling Rare Books," by M. H. Briggs (Bowker, $2) is another practical help. "Modern First Editions," by Gilbert H. Fabes (Foyle, London, fifteen shillings), is a recent publication; Mr. Fabes is the manager of the Rare Book Department of the gargantuan second-hand bookshop, "Foyle's," an establishment that keeps coming up unexpectedly in new places, like devil's paintbrush on a farm. There is the parent patch of it on Charing Cross Road, seedlings blossom luxuriously along both sides of cross streets, and a vigorous growth has started away off in Oxford Street, among bun-shops and dry-goods establishments. This book describes one hundred important modern firsts, including works by Galsworthy, Shaw, Tomlinson, Masefield, Kipling, Wells, etc.

E. M. F., Wood's Hole, Mass., asks what novels give a picture of the normal life of the upper classes in Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro, Santiago, or some other South American city.

I WISH I knew. We have had several such in translation, but they are now out of print; Brentano's, who published most of them, may know where stray copies might be found. Margaret Cameron's travel novel, "The Involuntary Chaperone" (Harper), describes a South American tour taken under circumstances that involved much entertainment by well-to-do and highly placed citizens of these cities. Life on a hacienda appears in Blasco Ibañez's "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (Dutton), and in "Three Plays of the Argentine," translated by Edward Bierstadt (Duffield), the life of the gaucho is set forth. "Men, Maidens and Mantillas," by Stella Burke May (Century), is a travel book with special attention to social matters, such as the eleven woollen petticoats of different hand-dyed colors worn by Antonia, maid in a Bolivian family. Blair Niles's "Colombia, Land of Miracles" (Century) is one of the best all-round portraits of a foreign country that we have. "The Conquest of Brazil," by Roy Nash (Harcourt, Brace), a solid book for the library and fascinating to read, a book to last, has much about Brazilian landlords and city dwellers, not over five millions of them, who govern the twenty-five million men and women next the soil. These books, however, are classifiable as non-fiction, and I must depend on the experience of readers of this department for the names of novels of South American city life. Conrad's "Nostromo" takes place in an imaginary South American country; "The Tyrant," by the famous Spanish novelist Valle-Inclan, whose translation is announced for publication in October by Holt, is said to have "all the properties of 'Nostromo,' including foreign concessionaires, a revolution, Indian generals, sinister dictators, and the rest," but with an added bitterness not unnatural.

A. M. S., Shreveport, Louisiana, asks where to find book reviews of the works of Sigrid Undset.

EVERY so often I reprint, as advice to be kept in mind in cases where book-reviews are required, the news that they are summarized with quotations of leading paragraphs in a monthly journal to be found in most public libraries, the *Book Review Digest* (Wilson). The process is to look up the book under the name of the author in the volume for the year of publication. Some publishers prepare pamphlets with biographical information for the use of clubs; Appleton recently sent out one for André Maurois, in preparation for the appearance of his "Atmosphere of Love," a novel that seemed to me, when I read it in French as "Climat," to mark his triumphant entrance into the citadel of fiction, at whose gates "Bernard Quesnay" made a somewhat half-hearted demonstration. That was pseudo-autobiography, of the sort a novelist should get out of his system before he can produce true fiction; this is true fiction, and a fine specimen of it.

This department has not space to print the names of magazines in which required book reviews appear, nor its editor time to collect and forward them by mail. The sources of information indicated, the *Digest* and the publisher, should be sufficient.

A. L. P., Big Moose, New York, is writing a novel in which a poem is to be quoted, and does not know to whom to attribute it. Can any of us place the lines:

(*Continued on next page*)

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Readers' Guide

(Continued from preceding page)

Because of body's hunger are we born,
And by contriving hunger are we fed;
Because of hunger is our work well done,
And so are songs well sung, and things well said.
Desire and longing are the whips of God.

F. K. E., Iron River, Wis., asks for books dealing with the history of India in the eighteenth century, particularly concerning the movements of the French; other than the book by Col. G. B. Malleson.

THE great history of India will be the "Cambridge History of India" (Macmillan), on which a number of English and American scholars are at work; each chapter is to be written by an authority. The first volume, however, the only one that has yet appeared, goes from the earliest times to the middle of the first century; there will be six in all. Besides the Malleson's "Les Dernières Luttes des Français dans l'Inde" (1911), there is J. Law's "Memoirs sur Quelques Affaires de l'Empire Mogol, 1756-1761" (1913); "The Fall of the Mogol Empire," by S. J. Owen (Murray, 1912); "A Pepys of Mogol India," by N. Manucci (Murray, 1914), and "British India from Queen Elizabeth to Lord Reading," published by Pitman. These I found in the British Museum's reading-room; they are not in print in the United States. Sir William Hunter's "Brief History of the Indian Peoples" is published by the Oxford University Press; it shows the part India has taken in the world's progress. Stanley Lane-Poole's "Mediæval India under Mohamedan Rule" goes from 712 to 1764 (Putnam). The excellent summary in V. A. Smith's "Oxford History of India" (Oxford) goes from earliest times to 1911.

E. B. H., Yokohama, Japan, asks for books on the Philippine Islands interesting to one making a trip to Manila, and for any novels whose scene may be laid there.

A LITTLE handbook published by the American Museum of Natural History, "People of the Philippines," by A. L. Kroeber, introduces the prospective traveller to the islands and their speech, occupations, religion, and art. "The Outlook for the Philippines," by Charles Edward Russell (Century), shows how the people live and work to-day. One of the World Travel books of Frank Carpenter is "Through the Philippines and Hawaii" (Doubleday, Doran); these large volumes are carefully illustrated and full of informing details. "Philippine Life in Town and Country," by J. A. LeRoy (Putnam), is a useful book in a popular series. F. C. Laubach's "People of the Philippines" (Doubleday, Doran) presents social conditions and religious problems. Katherine Mayo's "Isles of Fear" (Harcourt, Brace) has the sub-title "the truth about the Philippines," which should prepare the reader—further prepared by the author's name—for vigorous statements. "The United States and the Philippines," by D. R. Williams (Doubleday, Doran), describes their relations for the last quarter-century. "The Spell of the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines," by I. W. Anderson (Page), is a travel book; "Philippines Past and Present," by D. C. Worcester (Macmillan, 2 vols.), believes in American occupation and argues for its continuance. I cannot bring to mind any novels whose scene is laid here; Hawaii has been better treated in fiction.

W. S., San Francisco, Cal., is informed by Houghton Mifflin that Terry's "Guide to Mexico" will be useful on his projected trip, and that he may very likely be interested in Agnes Rothery's "Central America and the Spanish Main," which they published late in September. This starts at San Francisco, skirts Lower California and the west coast of Mexico, goes to Guatemala City, Antigua, Salvador, Nicaragua, Panama, Cartagena, Colombia, and home by the Spanish Main; it combines travel with history.

ANOTHER call, which wakes no echoes in my memory, comes from *L. B. C., Montrose, N. Y.,* who some years ago read a book on noted women of Italy, such as Lucrezia Borgia and some of the well-known duchesses of Milan. The book had some of their letters and described their trousseaux and their daily life. It was not called "Women of the Renaissance," the reader thinks. In exchange for this information she tells me to tell prospective motorists in France to invest in the "Michelin Guide," cost eighteen francs, with its full information as to every hotel everywhere and also the sights to see.

The Compleat Collector.

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OLD ENGLISH CAROLS FOR CHRISTMAS. Musical arrangements by CATHERINE BAILEY. Calligraphy by DAVID POTTINGER. Illustrated by GORDON HANSEN. Cambridge: Washburn & Thomas. 1929. $2.50.

HERE is a Christmas book which is "different," that desideratum so earnestly sought-for each year by weary shoppers. As the preface states, "True, it lacks a Santa Claus, a Christmas Tree, stockings, reindeer, and tinsel snow. These things belong to the Christmas of the shop window and the picture post-card." Instead, here are twelve traditional Christmas tunes, arranged for simple part-singing, dedicated, with felicitous inspiration, to Charles II! Old favorites, and old songs "unspoiled by twentieth-century repetition."

It is a jolly book, and largely for this reason: the text and the musical scores have been entirely written in an easy, flowing manuscript hand by David Pottinger—every last word in the book is in his handwriting, and a readable, vigorous script it is; while the music notes are of the old diamond shape so infinitely superior to the emasculated oval notes of to-day. Each song is headed by an amusingly drawn decorative illustration, printed in black, green, and red.

In the welter of banal Christmas offerings, here is something worth doing and worth buying either for one's self or for a present. R.

BOOKS AND THE MAN. By JOHN T. WINTERICH. New York: Greenberg. 1929. $5.

MR. WINTERICH, already known as the author of "A Primer of Book Collecting" and "Collector's Choice"—both admirable in that they deal simply and unaffectedly with the general problems of collecting—in his present volume, according to the publisher's description on the dust-wrapper, "tells the stories of twenty famous books in terms of the men who wrote them. Each story is presented in the form of a simple narrative that includes the subsequent adventures of the original and early editions of the book discussed as collector's items" (in other words, with the customary emphasis upon prices). "The accent, however, is distinctly on the 'biographical part' rather than the bibliographical, and the latter aspect is treated in a human fashion that will appeal as clearly to the non-collector as to the collector." With this happily in mind, it becomes apparent why so much history of various kinds has been included, and why there seems to be no particular sequence in the arrangement of the chapters. Commencing with "Leaves of Grass" and the Brooklyn Ferry, the reader proceeds to Daniel Defoe and the early years of the eighteenth century, leaps over Pickwick to Izaak Walton, who for some inscrutable reason introduces Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and her husband, while immediately after come Du Maurier, Bunyan, Audubon, Burns, and Mark Twain, tumbling along in a manner suggestive of Jack and Jill on their journey homeward. The non-collector will indeed have his mind diverted for him, or rather exercised with the violence of sudden contrasts, which may possibly have been the author's intention.

The book itself in many ways is unusually entertaining. Mr. Winterich knows quite well what he is writing about, and has so much information at his disposal that it occasionally gives the impression of forcing him into irrelevance. After all, it is scarcely essential to the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to include, even casually, an outline of Professor Webster's murder of Dr. George Parkman, or to discuss Whistler's career at West Point in connection with "Trilby"—it is all fascinating and delightful, and its introduction produces an easy, colloquial tone that Mr. Winterich is at some pains to maintain, but such matter is hardly, in the words of a distinguished librarian, "germane to the subject." Mr. Winterich has, apparently, tried more eagerly to fulfil what he considers to be the requirements of the General Reader, than, by ignoring the class as a whole, to write for individuals whose interest in books is at least equivalent to his own. There is a little too much easiness of manner—it amounts often to chattiness—, a little too much emphasis upon the prices the books he discusses brought at recent auctions, to separate his essays wholly from the conventional afternoon lectures to local women's clubs, and place them in a higher class. But for what he has accomplished, he should be praised! He has related certain well-known books and their authors to the periods that produced them in an interesting, intelligent fashion, and has thus supplied those persons whose knowledge is limited with an invaluable background for their further investigations. For this alone there is sufficient reason to be grateful.

G. M. T.

Auction Sales Calendar

Sotheby & Company, London. December 16-20, inclusive: Illuminated and other Manuscripts, Early Classical Texts, Books, Autograph Letters, and Historical Documents, from several private collections. In such a sale, one may reasonably hope to find everything, and merely to experience surprise at any omissions. An illuminated Breviary, Italian fifteenth-century work, is followed by "Martin Chuzzlewit," and a presentation copy to a little girl of "Just So Stories"; Toonnes "Oecolompadius and Charles Reade appear as neighbors, while Beethoven and Lord Byron contribute intimate manuscripts. As an exercise in rapid mental adjustments, nothing can equal it—it may lack something of the sentimental fascination given to American auction sales by marriage licenses and rocking chairs, but it possesses a far greater catholicity of taste and interest. The more important items in the present sale are: Boccaccio, "Le Livre . . . des Cas des Nobles Hommes et Femmes infortunez" (Tours), c. 1470-80, an illuminated manuscript on vellum; Cicero, "Rhetoricorum Libri duo; Ad Herennium Libri sex"; a South Italian (Bari) manuscript of the twelfth century; a tenth-century Codex of Tacitus's "Agricola"; inscribed presentation copies of their works from Thomas Carlyle, Joseph Conrad, Dickens, W. H. Hudson, Charles Lamb, Walter Savage Landor, Sir Walter Scott, and Oscar Wilde; a collection of nine tracts by Richard Whittington, six of which do not appear in the Short-Title Catalogue (1531-33); Dean Swift's annotated copy of Bodoni's "Republic"; two copies of Galsworthy's "Man of Property" (unless all the early Galsworthy novels are being bought as speculation ventures to be resold immediately, it seems as if their prices must descend before long); two collections of the Surtees novels; a presentation copy of his "Collected Poems," Copenhagen, 1833, from Hans Christian Andersen to Jenny Lind; apparently a complete collection of all the works of Charles Reade, and another of Wilkie Collins's novels; and autograph letters of Byron, Dickens, Napoleon, John Wilkes, Dr. Johnson, George Washington, and Thackeray; and a silk waistcoat "with purple, brown, and cream colored stripes" that belonged to Robert Burns.

Edwin N. Hopson, Jr. (21 Hamilton Street, Paterson, New Jersey). December 9th: English and American First Editions, sold by order of the various owners. The Hoover translation of Agricola's "De Re Metallica"; the first issue of "Leaves of Grass"; and a large group of the poetic works of Thomas Whitcomb Riley are perhaps the outstanding features in this sale.

American Art Association-Anderson Galleries. December 16-17 inclusive: Selections from the library of Mr. Eustace Conway, including the "Ashbourne" portrait of Shakespeare; Kelmscott Press publications; autograph letters by Keats, Shelley, Poe, President Lincoln; first editions of English and American books; a lock of Keats's hair; the Lincoln rocking chair; and seventeenth and eighteenth century books and pamphlets. This catalogue is exceedingly handsome, and the illustrations are especially good. G. M. T.

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Nash Edition of Dante

THE DIVINE COMEDY of DANTE ALIGHIERI of Florence . . . a line-for-line translation in the Rime-Form of the original by MELVILLE BEST ANDERSON. San Francisco: John Henry Nash. 1929.

MR. NASH'S typographic style is well known to collectors and amateurs of books, while to printers his superb craftsmanship is evidence of a command of the tools and materials of his trade which gives him a high rank among American printers. It is, therefore, with much interest that one turns to his latest publication, "The Divine Comedy," to see what he has done with so frequently printed a book.

The volumes now issued are, as might be expected, sumptuous in design and execution; so much was evident from the very elaborate circular issued some time since, announcing the project. The perfection of type-setting and presswork to be found in most of his books is also present here. The type is that face known as Cloister Old Style Lightface—a type developed by the American Type Founders Co. along the lines of the Italian type of the fifteenth century. It is of the same general character as Morris's Golden type, the type used by Cobden-Sanderson at the Doves Press, and Rogers's Montaigne and Centaur. If it lacks the boldness of Morris's type, or the refinement of the Doves and Centaur, it has very engaging fine qualities of its own which make it entirely suitable for book work. And in Mr. Nash's handling it looses nothing of its beauty.

The volumes are good-sized folios, and

the type size—eighteen point—makes for an ample page. The paper is an especially made Van Gelder of a dull white color and interesting antique wire formation, watermarked. It is soft and flexible, making for easy turning.

Two matters in regard to these volumes call for especial mention, the page decoration and the binding. The former consists, as so often in Mr. Nash's books, of the use of rules to frame the type. In this case the rules are in light blue, and are comparatively simple in pattern. Simple as they are, however, they are not so simple as they should be; the effect, in contrast with the severe type arrangement, is a little unpleasing. The binding is of much interest. The material is vellum, tooled in simple lines, and the work has been done by Hübel & Denck of Leipzig. Now vellum as a cover material is usually about the worst possible choice, owing to its determination to curl under almost all conditions. In fact, vellum-bound books are usually an unmitigated nuisance. The binders of these volumes have apparently used a metal board which, after many weeks, shows not the slightest tendency to warp. I have never seen a full-bound book in stiff vellum which so successfully met the conditions imposed by the requirements of the user as do these volumes. The workmanship of the binding is really superb.

If one can overlook the pretty terrible way in which Mr. Nash announces his book—the absurd grandiloquence of his phraseology—one will find them extremely good examples of American printing. R.

The New York Public Library has just received as a gift from Mr. Edward S. Harkness one of the most important collections of manuscripts on the history of printing in the Western Hemisphere which has ever come to light. The collection consists of two distinct parts, one having to do with printing in North America, and the other, South America. The latter group contains the earliest known documents and letters relative to the introduction of printing into South America, giving hitherto unknown information regarding the establishment of the first printing press in Lima in 1584 and continuing to the death of the second printer in 1618.

"The Soviet Government is publishing the secret State-papers of the Czardom, and some day we may hope for a translation in full," says the London *Observer*. "There are already over thirty volumes in astonishing array. As yet this material is little known in England. . . . 'From the Red Archives' ought to be a thriller amongst Government records. Ranging from 1914 to 1918, the documents include the police reports on Rasputin, and the real circumstances of that charlatan's assassination. But many other persons and episodes are illuminated. Dr. Hagberg Wright contributes a very valuable introduction on these revelations by the Soviet editors and on the real character of the Bolshevist revolution."

The illustration which appears on the cover of this issue is taken from a decoration in "Old English Carols for Christmas," reviewed on the preceding page.

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THE WALDEN BOOK-Shop, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, has recently issued a new catalogue listing Alcott, Browning, Harris, Howells, Longfellow and Thoreau first editions, as well as important English firsts. Quotations on request.

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Will America give FRANZ WERFEL *his due?*

With best-seller records toppling all about us, and *Caught Short*, by EDDIE CANTOR, reaching the incredible total of 65,030 copies in ten days [the advance sale was only 5,423 copies] . . . with DR. S. CALVIN SMITH, a noted heart specialist of Philadelphia, saying, "I am *actually* prescribing EDDIE CANTOR'S *Caught Short* for heart patients who were hit in the market . . . for its curative fun and satire. Send me five more copies and charge to my account" . . . your correspondents retreat humbly to Heartbreak House and contemplate once more the Books That Never Quite Made the Grade.

Some of them, of course, probably didn't deserve to, but these we can forget. In this grave and reverent session *The Inner Sanctum* refers more particularly to those blessed and glorious books of beauty and greatness all compact which through some trick of fate, or through the ineptitude of the publishers, never reached the public they deserved.

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OLIVER HERFORD'S drawing has always delighted us. No less is he a delightful versifier. His "Excuse it Please," now extant through J. B. Lippincott & Company, is worth your money if only for the small section entitled "Smiles" in which, with half-tone and quatrain, he sums up the smiles of various fauna. His sonnets to various animals are good, too; so are his toasts, and his long and tinkly poem, "A Tale of a Tub," is extremely pleasing. Herford's pretty girls are really pretty and his animals are simply masterly. Of course his cats are far-famed, and there are a number of them in this little book. He is one of our perennial humorists who has lost none of his flavor with the years. . . .

Edwin Markham is to have a volume, "Songs and Stories of California," published by the Powell Publishing Company of Los Angeles. . . .

Have we mentioned the worth of *Covarrubias's* illustrations for *Taylor Gordon's* "Born to Be," Covici-Friede? They are superb, and grace a most individual volume, one with a zest of living all its own. . . .

The firm of Covici-Friede also announces that it has collected a number of precious items in early Americana and intends to issue them to the general public in a series to be called the Roanoke Series of Americana. *Mark Van Doren* is editing the entire series and writing an introduction to each volume. The first two items available are the "Correspondence of *Aaron Burr* and his Daughter *Theodosia*," and "The Life of Sir *William Phips*," by *Cotton Mather*. The edition of each volume will be limited to five hundred copies, at seven dollars and a half a copy. . . .

We have received from The Foundry Press: *R. C. Rimington*, typographer in Petto to the Hoboken Free State, 1 West 67th Street, New York City, an announcement of the Press's first publication, "Born in a Beer Garden or, She Troupes to Conquer," by *Christopher Morley, Earnest Elmo Calkins, Ogden Nash, and Cleon Throckmorton*, illustrated by *Edward A. Wilson, George Illian, Gus Hutaf*, and *Jay*. This edition is limited to 999 copies at $7.50 (350 copies for England)—including twenty copies at $20 signed by all contributors. It will be published February 1st, 1930. . . .

Pierre Loving writes us that he is interested in the rehabilitation of an American artist, *Walter Shirlaw* (1838-1909), whose work is being shown at the Brooklyn Museum in an exhibition arranged by *Miss Katherine S. Dreier*, author of "Western Art and the New Era" (Brentano's), and President of the Société Anonyme. You get to the Museum by the Broadway-7th Avenue Subway direct or by the Lexington Avenue Subway changing at Nevins Street to "Eastern Parkway-Brooklyn Museum" station. By automobile the directions are Manhattan Bridge to Flatbush Avenue to Eastern Parkway and turn to the left, or Williamsburg Bridge to Bedford Avenue to Eastern Parkway and turn to the right. . . .

Walter Shirlaw was a forerunner of Impressionism. He anticipated modern industrial illustration. He was the first American painter to concern himself with Indian arts. His "Glass Blowers," "The Toning of the Bell," and "The Stone Quarry" are regarded as great paintings in Europe. Miss Dreier's is a most comprehensive exhibition of his work. Several possessors of Shirlaw canvases, among them the sister of *William Chase*, have come forward, offering examples of the painter's work which they had cherished. There is a genuine Shirlaw recrudescence. Shirlaw was also, by the way, a pioneer in American mural decoration for private homes. . . .

"An Anthology of American Negro Literature," edited by *V. F. Calverton*, has just been added to The Modern Library. The volume includes contributions by *Booker T. Washington, Walter White, Claude McKay, Jean Toomer, Eric Walrond, Countée Cullen*, and others. In it one gains a very clear idea of the progress of the Negro in the art of literary forms. . . .

Douglas Cockerell, the Oxford University Press tells us, has perfected a new process for the making of hand-dipped marble papers, a revival of an ancient and beautiful art. Spots of prepared colors are thrown on to a trough of size made from seaweed. The colors floating on the surface of the size are combed in various ways and then picked up on a sheet of paper that has been washed in alum water. The Press will combine these binding papers with leather especially tanned and dyed to Mr. Cockerell's specifications, and decorated in blind and gold ornaments in a series of new editions of Shakespeare, Shelley, Keats, etc. The inventor is widely known as a binder of fine editions. . . .

The life and works of *Lester F. Ward* are to be published in the first definitive résumé and synthesis under the title of "The American Aristotle," by *Samuel Chugerman*, at 32 Court Street (Room 708), Brooklyn, N. Y. (Phone Triangle 8464). The book is priced at ten dollars and application for a copy should be made to *Henry Hetkin, Esq.*, at the above address. *Professor Charles A. Beard, Professor Edward A. Ross, Professor Franklin H. Giddings, Lewis Mumford*, and *Charlotte Perkins Gilman* are among those who have endorsed on the printed page the significance of Lester F. Ward in the history of American thought. He was the American founder of sociology and one of the greatest minds of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. His thesis demonstrates that sociology is not a dismal science. For the layman he is a liberal education in what and how to think upon the problems of every-day life. . . .

We are glad to see that *Edwin Valentine Mitchell* of Hartford has brought out so attractively the poems of *Nancy Byrd Turner* under the title "A Riband on My Rein." Miss Turner's work has a great deal of charm. Also, if you have a friend fond of riding to hounds you could do worse than give him (or her) for Christmas the "Hunting Sketches" of *Anthony Trollope* as Mitchell has just reissued them, with decorations by *Ned King*, in a fine scarlet cover on which is a golden hound. . . .

Thurston Macauley, whose book on Donn Byrne we took up recently, is, it appears, a London Correspondent for *The New York Times*. . . .

Because he has so appreciated America's reaction to his novel, "Death of a Hero," *Richard Aldington* has announced a poetry prize of two hundred dollars for American poets. The prize is to be continued for at least three years and will be awarded "to the ablest young American poet whose work has appeared in *This Quarter*, a literary review published in Paris by *Edward W. Titus*. Envelopes should be addressed to the editor, 4 rue Delambre, Paris, France, and all submitted material should be typewritten with full name and address appearing on each poem. . . .

This announcement has so inspired us that we hereby announce a prize of our own which will first be awarded on the first of January 1931. It will be for the wittiest paragraph concerning any living contemporary writer, American, English, or Continental, and may be either in verse or in prose. We will pay it out of our own pocket. Nor do we wish malice. We wish genuine wit. Nor need the criticism necessarily be adverse. Nor do we necessarily bar puns, but they will have to be awfully good ones. Also we accept no responsibility of any kind for receipt of manuscript. We shall return nothing. We shall either print certain contributions received from time to time, giving credit where credit is due, or throw them in the waste-basket. Our opinion as to what we can use or don't wish to use will be entirely our own. The contest starts January 1st, 1930. At the end of the year we shall go over what we have printed and pick the one that is, in our opinion, the best. To the author we shall then send, so that it will reach him on New Year's Day, our own cheque for fifty dollars. Anecdotes are admissable. And we will even admit caricatures in line if you are willing to cast your draughtsmanship into the air and have it possibly land in the waste-basket. We shall correspond with no one concerning his efforts. You enter this contest entirely at your own risk. If, during the year, we receive nothing that has tickled our fancy sufficiently we shall declare "No Award." . . .

Adieu, adieu, kind friends,—adieu, adieu.

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Make We Merry Both More and Less
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Following the crescent oddity of the only street that crosses Broadway twice, we set out a few days ago on an annual quest—*Turón de Alicante*, our favorite of some six species of *Turón*, the immemorial Christmas sweetmeats of Spain. And as our eyes went from painted tambourine to tasseled castanets our thoughts went to a lovely Spanish carol that we came on in that most comprehensive octavo—*The Oxford Book of Carols*.[1] This is the most interesting, the most inclusive, the most useful collection of carols that has yet appeared. Surely it is the most fitting Christmas present imaginable and our own experience recommends it as an inexhaustible treasury of gay songs. Carols of A. A. Milne, Walter de la Mare, G. K. Chesterton, and many other contemporaries are included with the older, more familiar songs. The miniature edition[2] of this delightful book we hear will be present at many Christmas dinners. It makes a charming favor and a novel substitute for garish Christmas cards. We bought it during a recent visit to what Christopher Morley has called "the most genuine gathering of literature ever collected by any one publishing house in the history of our tongue"—the library of the Oxford University Press at 114 Fifth Avenue, New York.

In the deluge of "best sellers" and published flummery what a joy it was to come on such beautiful volumes as those in the *Tudor and Stuart Library*.[3] This group of titles exists for those for whom the original MSS. and books are too dear to possess. They are reproductions of these editions printed with type cast from the matrices procured by John Fell in 1660, on paper made from the old recipe. For the same taste are published the *Type Facsimile Reprints*.[4] Word for word, page for page, they reproduce their 18th and 17th century models and satisfy the eye as does a Rembrandt or a Haydon etching. "These are the works of useful piety which we cannot too much commend."

Robert Bridges's *A Testament of Beauty*[5] has been acclaimed in England as one of the greatest philosophical poems of all times. It is compared with Keats's *Endymion*[6] and Wordsworth's *Prelude*.[7] The limited edition printed by William Rudge is worthy of the beauty of this great poem.

There are new bindings for those unequaled anthologies, *The Oxford Books of Verse!*[8] They are designed by Douglas Cockerell, a master craftsman,—and are in tooled leather, Cockerell's hand-made marble papers and vellum. A variety of titles appears in these bindings; their charm and moderate cost will solve many bookmen's Christmas problems.

Both our agnostic and believing friends have shared in our enjoyment of the *credos* of philosophers and poets in *The Tree of Life*.[9]

The many excellent illustrations in *Some Modern Sculptors*[10] and in Dudgson's *Woodcuts of the 15th Century*,[11] and the rare illustrations and color of *Peaks and Frescoes*,[12] and *The Spanish Ladie*,[13] place them conspicuously in any bookman's Christmas list.

For two years now we have used Oxford books for Christmas presents; our friends have been impressed with our discrimination and good taste and we—well, we have never received such delightful gifts as we have bought ourself from the Oxford list.

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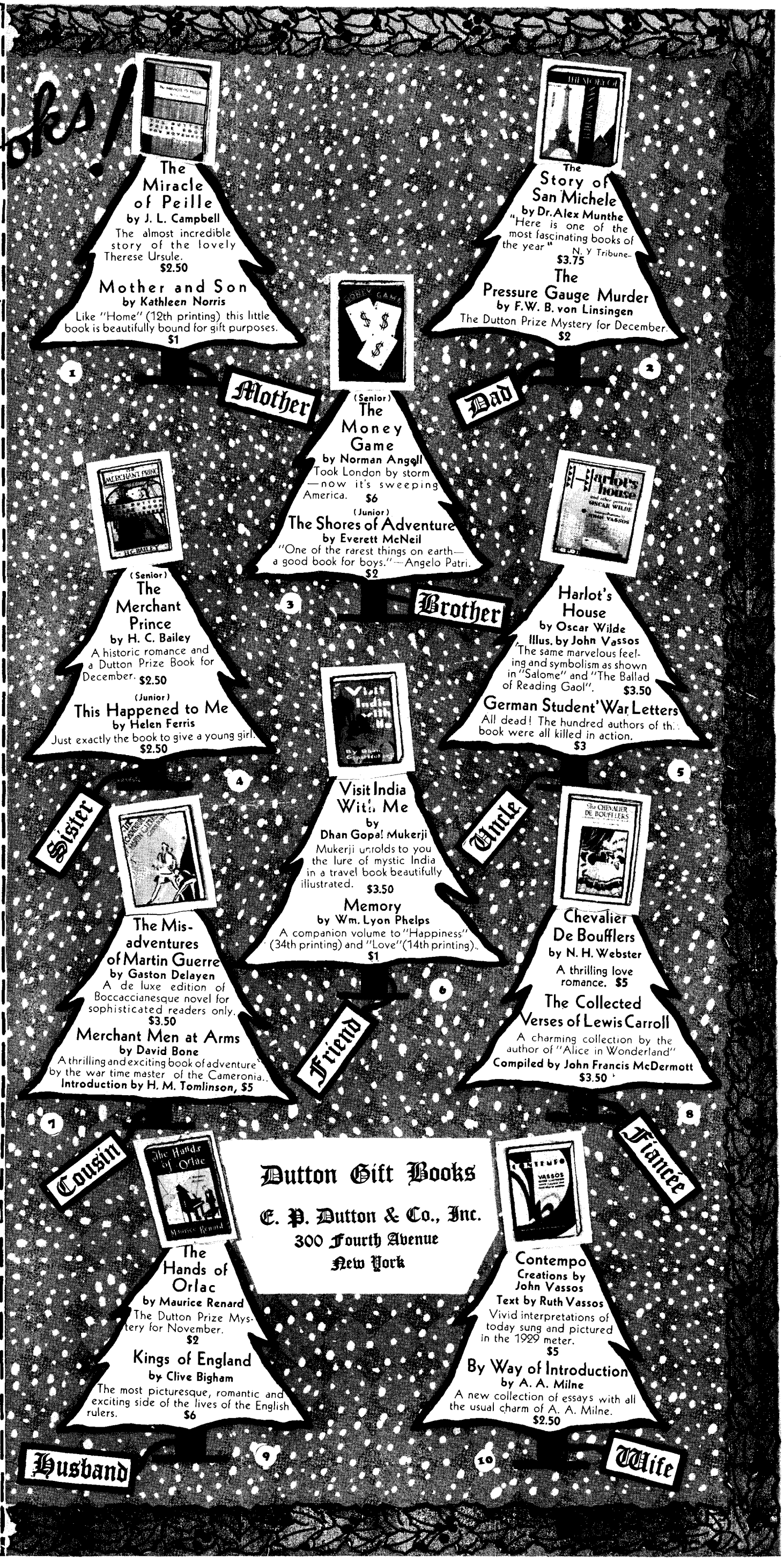
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